

THE **Tatler**

& Bystander

2s.6d. weekly

27 Dec. 1961





Golden Morning

The night before we'd been dancing into the small hours. That's quite something for an old married couple like us, and by rights I should have been dead to the world. But that particular morning I woke up feeling as fresh and relaxed as a baby—and as I opened my eyes I just *knew* something marvellously exciting was going to happen to me soon.

Then I realised why everything seemed a little different. The engines had stopped and the ship was still. When the steward brought me that

wonderful cup of tea (you see why I loved the *Arcadia*?) I asked him about it. "We're at Gibraltar, Madam," he said. When I heard that I simply *rushed* to take a look.

And there it was—a looming majestic rock sunning itself behind the morning mist. Our first port of call. The first milestone on the sealand to Sydney. And, all of a sudden, the sort of thrill I hadn't had since I was seventeen. Do you wonder I lost my heart to that happy, golden morning?

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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

27 DECEMBER 1961

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It's the season for parties, for letting off steam, for making a noise if you want to —like the girl on the cover. And if it's attention you seek make sure to wear the right clothes. There's a useful guide beginning on page 893 with the fashion department in a party mood. Barry Warner took the cover picture, drum set from the Premier Drum Co. Ltd., dress from Bazaar, hairdo by Raphael at Raphael & Leonard, Duke Street, W.1

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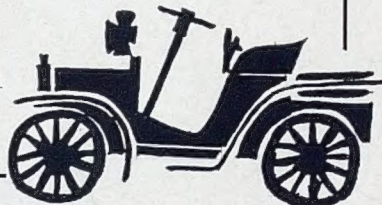
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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Limelight Ball, Savoy, New Year's Eve, in aid of the Royal London Society for the Blind, 31 December. (Tickets: £5 from R.L.S.B. headquarters, 105 Salusbury Rd., N.W.6. MAI 8844.)

Children's Parties: in aid of Invalid Children's Aid Association, 3.30-6.30 p.m., Savoy, 2 January, up to age of eight. (Tickets: £1 5s., from Miss Ursula Philip-Williams, Appeal Secretary, I.C.A.A., 4 Palace Gate, W.8); **Head-dress Party**, also in aid of I.C.A.A., 5-8 p.m., Savoy, 3 January. Ages 9-14. (Tickets: £1 5s.); **Toy Fair Party**, Harrods, 4 January, in aid of the Save The Children Fund. (Tickets: 15s., from Mrs. P. Lawton, 8 Ladbroke Terrace, W.11. PAR 8564.)

Cinderella Ball, St. Michael's School hall, Graham Terrace, S.W.1, 4 January, for the League of Pity. Aged 11-16. Dancing 8-12 midnight. (Tickets: 15s., inc. buffet supper, from Mrs. Derrick Farmiloe, Flat 2, 36 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. KNI 7940.) **Christmas Holiday Dance**, for 10-17 year olds, 15 January. Lyceum Ballroom, Strand. (Tickets: £1, inc. buffet & soft drinks, from the Marquesa de Casa Maury, 20 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7. KEN 8600.)

Twelfth Night Ball, the Dorchester, 4 January, in aid of Lifeline Adoption Committee for Displaced Persons. (Tickets: £2 10s., inc. dinner from the Ball Organizer, 67a Camden High St., N.W.1. EUS 4167.)

Organ Grinders' Ball, Chelsea Town Hall, 3 January, in aid of War on Want. Cabaret. (Tickets: £1 10s., inc. buffet, from Mrs. Francis Vallat, 10 Phillimore Court, W.8. WES 4298.)

Princess Marina will attend the film première of *The Valiant* at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on 4 January, in aid of the Mayor of Westminster's Appeal Fund for Mental Health. (Tickets: 10s. 6d. to 20 gns. WHI 6111.)

Putney Hospital Dance, Hurlingham Club, 12 January. (Tickets: £1 1s., from Mrs. A. M. Tudor, 12 Hazelwell Rd., S.W.15.)

Hunt Balls: Portman, Bryanston School, Blandford Forum, Dorset, 5 January. (Tickets: £2 10s., from the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Beckett, Berkeley Lodge, Blandford Forum.)

Brecon, Dering Lines, Brecon, 5 January. (Tickets: £2 2s. from the Hon. Secs. Glanyrafon, Llangynidr, nr. Crickhowell. Tel.: Brecon 179. After 6 p.m., Bwlch 265.)

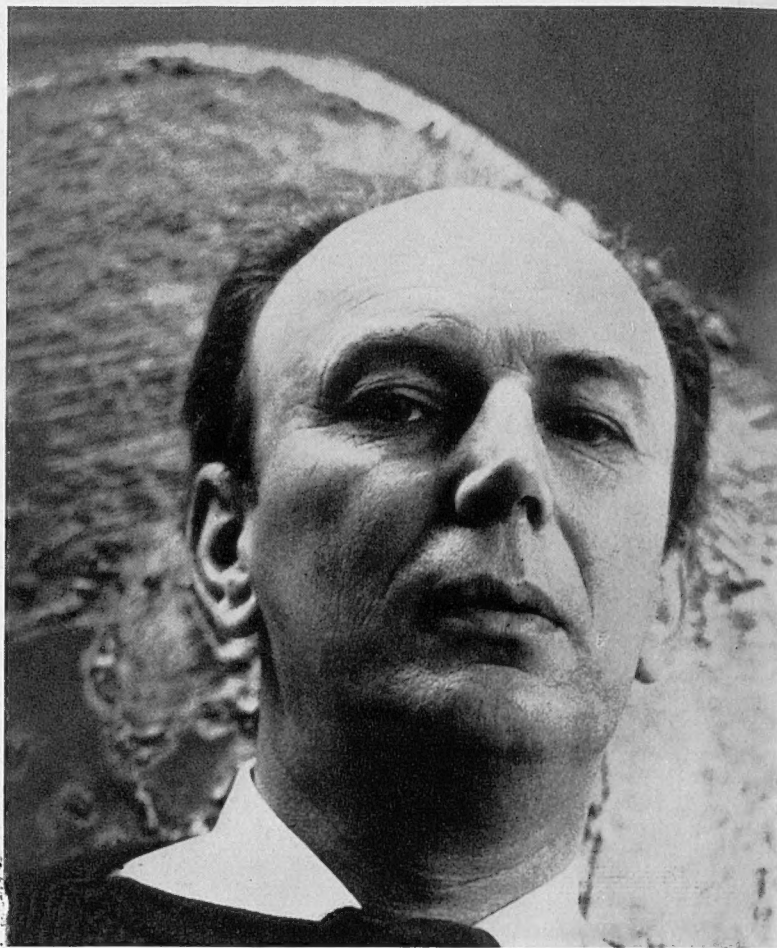
Stevenstone, Portledge Hotel, near Bideford, Devon, 5 January. (Tickets: £1 10s., inc. supper, from the Hon. Sec., Peppercombe Cottage, Horns Cross, Bideford, Devon. Horns Cross 237.) **Oakley**, at Melchbourne Park, Beds, 12 January. (Tickets: £3 5s., from Mrs. G. H. Robinson, Hart Farm, Stevington, Beds.)

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Taunton, 27; Fontwell Park, Warwick, 28; Newbury, 29, 30; Catterick Bridge, Manchester, 30 December; Catterick Bridge, Manchester, Plumpton, 1; Cheltenham, 3, 4 January.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *The*



Imelda Blake

Max Chapman, figurative painter, paper collage exponent, art critic, has a one man show running at the New Vision Centre Gallery. He is seen here photographed against one of his paintings which is being used by Philips Records as the sleeve for a record of Hindemith organ sonatas

Sleeping Beauty, tonight, 30 December, 3, 5 January, 7.30 p.m.; 30 December, also 2.15 p.m.; *Les Sylphides*, *Persephone*, *Diversions*, 7.30 p.m., 28 December, 1 January. (COV 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 29 December, 2 January; *Die Zauberflöte* (first perfs.), 4, 6, 8 January. All 7.30 p.m.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Il Trovatore*, 27, 30 December (last perfs.); *Die Fledermaus*, 28 December, 2 January; *The Marriage of Figaro*,

29 December, 7.30 p.m.; *Cinderella*, 2.30 p.m., 30 December. (TER 1672/3.)

EXHIBITIONS & SHOWS

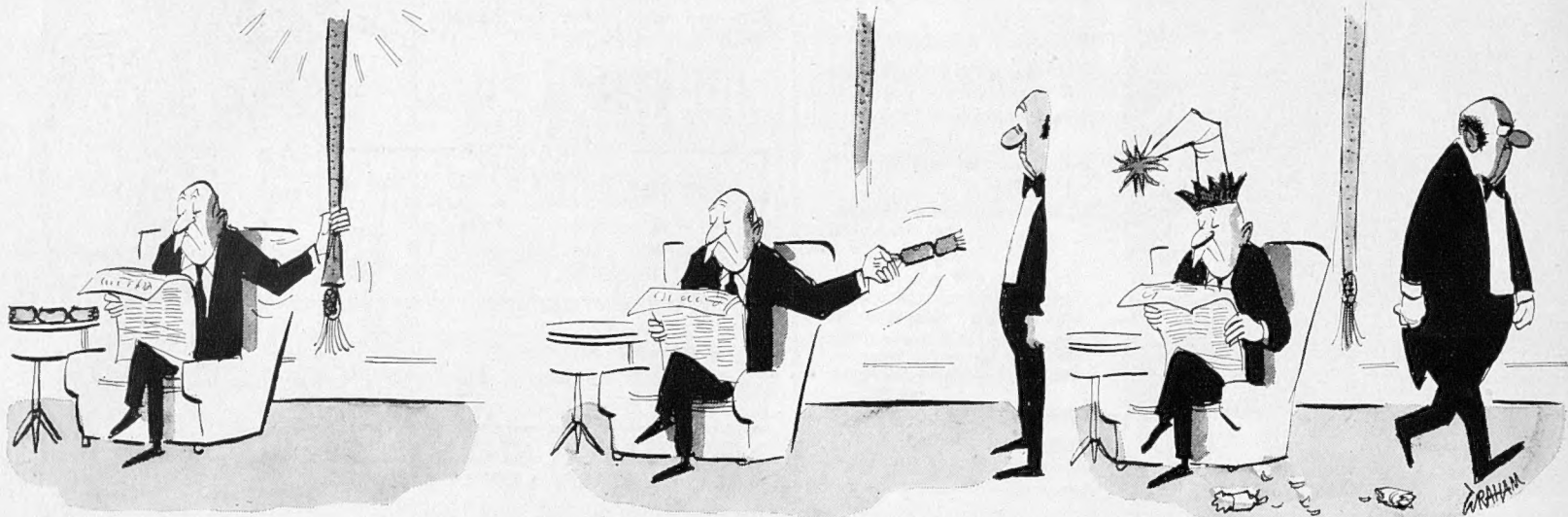
International Boat Show, Earls Court. 3-13 January.

Royal Gifts Exhibition, Christie's, King St., St. James's. In aid of Y.W.C.A. To 21 January.

Schoolboys' Own Exhibition, Olympia, 1-13 January.

Camping Exhibition, Olympia, 2-13 January.

BRIGGS by Graham





George Konig

**GOING
PLACES
IN
PICTURES**

Humperdinck's Hansel and Gretel will be screened by B.B.C. TV on New Year's Eve. The witch, sung by Anna Pollak, is seen here with two students of the English Opera School, Sheila Amit (as Gretel) and Anne Pashley (as Hansel). John Laxerenson and Judith Pierce are the parents, the Malayan-Chinese singer Soo-Bee-Lee sings Sandman, the sleep fairy. For other holiday entertainment see page 903



Iain Crawford

Flamenco on the Heath

GUITARS ARE TWANGING ON THE FRINGES OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH AND the wild strains of flamenco enliven the night airs of London's smartest moorland suburb. The night airs badly needed enlivening because though Hampstead, with its heavy larding of film folk, literati, painters and businessmen who dress to give that impression off duty, has a high incidence of private parties, more public gaiety is difficult to find. Now, however, the **Andalucia** has reopened in Heath Street with Juan Rodriguez doing the cooking and the most mellifluous bunch of singing waiters in London. The décor is new but Spanish, the restaurant is on three floors and there is music on all of them. Juan's specialities are *langostinos Costa Brava* (Pacific prawns with a garlicky tomato sauce, flared with brandy) 9s. 6d., *calamaris* 8s., *cazuela de pescados* (a kind of dry Spanish *bouillabaisse*) 9s. and of course, *paella* which costs 12s. 6d.

The singing waiters have surprisingly good voices and they often vary the flamenco routine with standard Spanish songs and a few Neapolitan and pop numbers in Spanish. The guitar playing is good, too. Wine is mostly Spanish and cheap, beginning at 12s. 6d. for the burgundy type.

The **Dorchester** has the reputation of being the most expensive place in which to breathe in London—largely engendered by stories of how much Elizabeth Taylor paid for the Oliver Messel suite—but it can be agreeable and not too expensive to eat there in the evening. The Terrace Room has a 15-piece band that plays the more sedate kind of dance music, easily heard on the dance floor and providing a pleasant background—and no more—to dinner at the tables on the trellised terrace.



John Baker White

Basic British, rare French

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

Hyde Park Hotel grillroom, Knightsbridge. (BEL 2000.) You will be unlucky if you do not book your table at lunchtime, and it is a wise precaution in the evening as well. This restaurant can claim to be smart and fashionable, but the cooking is good as well. It is proof that basic British products, such as smoked salmon and beef, are the best in the world. Allow about 12s. 6d. for your main course and about twice that amount for the full meal, without wine. The coffee is good, but for me, on a cold November day, the room was on the stuffy side.

Wolfe's, 11 Abingdon Road, Kensington High Street. (WES 6868.) This pleasant restaurant now has its own cellar and Mr. David Wolfe has shown care and wisdom in its selection. It includes a white Châteauneuf du Pape—a wine little known in Britain—and, also unusual, a red Chassagne-Montrachet. It is a restaurant in which they take a real and personal interest in what you eat and drink. W.B.

Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford Street. If you are shopping up this way you will find big changes on the restaurant floor. The 250-seat main restaurant is specialising in British cooking, *à la carte* or table d'hôte menus, and wine by the glass. In the new self-service restaurant you can get an adequate 3-course lunch for 5s. At teatime there are

There are no amplifiers so you can carry on a conversation in a normal tone of voice without being drowned out by the band. Cabaret is the exception rather than the rule at the Dorchester, but on New Year's Eve Albert Marland who usually provides the music is backed by Sid Phillips and his Dixieland Group and a cabaret team led by Edmund Hockridge and Bob and Marian Konyot. The State Trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards will fanfare in 1962, so both splendour and gaiety are on the menu. Also on the menu, of course, is the Dorchester's food and wine which, contrary to general belief, you do not have to be a millionaire to eat. The wine waiter is inclined to dictate to you about what you drink with which—he told me patronizingly that Muscadet was not dry enough to drink with oysters—but treat him firmly and you have the run of an excellent list. You can have a bottle of Château Lynch Bages 1952 for 27s. 6d., a 1957 Moulin-à-Vent for 22s. 6d. or a 1959 Niersteiner Domtal for 25s. The food, though magnificent in range, is no dearer than elsewhere in the West End. Specialities like *Escalope de veau Elizabeth* (thin veal steak, cooked in butter with chopped onions and sliced mushrooms, flamed in brandy, finished with cream and butter and garnished with points of asparagus) are worth trying, for the chef is a master craftsman. This one costs 21s. An excellent three-course dinner at the Dorchester with a large carafe of wine for two people need cost no more than £4 including the tip. There are plenty of places, unable to claim a single W in their postal address, where it can cost more.

Cabaret Calendar

Pigalle (REG 6423) *Extravaganza*, the big floorshow with the Alberto Triana Spanish ballet, Kim Darvos, show girls and dancers

Talk of the Town (REG 5051) *Julie Wilson*, American musical star, plus the *Ten O'Clock Follies*

Society (REG 0565) *Lynette Rae*, singer

Savoy (TEM 4343) *Bob Monkhouse*

with *Ravis & Babs*, skating duo, plus the *Savoy dancers*

Celebrity (HYD 7636) *the Max Wall Show*, spectacular production with Mack & Kirk, Kenny Day, Maria Carmen & Ronne Aul

Colony (MAY 1657) *Sandu Scott*

Hungaria (WHI 4222) *Joan Turner*, vocal comedy

Winston's (REG 5411) *Edwardian Memories*, nostalgic tunes

fashion parades in the main restaurant. And have a look, too, at the gourmets' food market on the fifth floor.

Wine notes

If you are deeply interested in the subject read **A History of Wine** by H. Warner Allen (Faber, 42s.). It is the best exhaustive study published for many years. If your interest is that of a careful drinker, though not a student, **The Compleat Imbiber** (Vista Books, 25s.), edited by Cyril Ray, makes enjoyable and fruitful reading. If you want to learn more cheaply **The Wine Mine** (Peter Dominic, 1s.) should prove a considerable help, and if you can lay hands on the new list of Harveys of Bristol you will find in it a lot of information about wines, linked to some excellent recipes. Although it is not available to the 'public, congratulations to Kinlochs on their handbook of wines and spirits.

... and a reminder

Bentley's, 11/15 *Swallow Street*. (REG 6210.) *Oysters and other fish.*

Vine Bar and Grill, *Piccadilly Place*. (REG 5789.) *High quality steaks.*

Room at the Top. On top of Harrison Gibson's new store at Ilford. (Ilford 5588.) *Dinner, dancing and cabaret and also luncheon and table d'hôte and à la carte at The Chariot Wheel.*

The Black Diamond, 57 Blandford Street, W.1. (HUN 0376.) *Mr. Danny Morrison claims that his restaurant is the only one in London serving real Creole food.*

Your meal need not be expensive.

Lo Spiedo, *Piccadilly Circus*. (WHI 2373). *Pleasant and authentic Italian atmosphere with well-cooked Italian foods.*

Boulestin, 25 Southampton Street, Strand. (TEM 7061.) *High quality French cooking in the right atmosphere but, rather naturally, not cheap.*

The Normandie, *Kingston-on-Thames*. (Kingston 1001 up to 6 p.m. and 4321 after that time.) *A small comfortable restaurant with first-class cooking, run by Bentalls.*



NASSAU FISHING BOATS moored in front of the British Colonial Hotel

*Doone Beal**Staying in Nassau*

NASSAU HAS TWO QUITE SEPARATE PUBLICS: AN INTERNATIONAL community that belongs to Lyford Cay or owns property there; and a package-tour public from Miami, for whom it is a doorstep resort. Introductions are, of course, necessary for Lyford Cay and its beaches and golf course. Lacking those, my advice is to leave the island of New Providence, of which Nassau is the capital, with all speed. Better fishing in Bimini, better beaches in Eleuthera await you, as they do in other of the Out Islands: Exuma, Abaca, the Berry Islands, and more. Yet sheer curiosity would drive one to see something of Nassau itself. It cannot, one feels, be a byword for pleasurable living without a reason. It is rather like those dehydrated Japanese gardens that come to life only when plunged in water, and the simile could be taken further. Nassau is essentially a social place whose appeal depends on whom you know. Opinions about it run, as a result, to extremes of preference and dislike. Ungrammatically put, almost everywhere in the world depends to a degree on whom you are in it with. Nassau more than most.

What is it like? Bay Street, considering the amount of sheer hard cash that is banked in the ramshackle offices lining either side of it, is disarmingly simple, rather shabby. Rum shops, tea shops, dress shops and boutiques selling British cashmeres at a price, straggle its two-mile length. So do homely looking Colonial type hotels with gingerbread balconies, such as the Prince George; or the British Colonial, in whose splendid gardens the spiritual atmosphere is by Harrogate, out of Torquay.

One of the most attractive—and comparatively reasonable—places at which to stay is the Pilot House (from \$20 U.S. a day). Its bar is a local meeting place, its swimming pool and outdoor restaurant pleasant. Out of town, the Country Club has a devoted British public, a golf course on its back doorstep, a beach in front. Balmoral, too, is pleasant, and the hotel owns a tiny off-shore island with lovely beaches where they have barbecues at night and where one can lie about and swim all day. Nassau's beaches are superb, but not, generally, all that accessible. One of the best is Paradise Beach, across the water on a 10-minute ferry at Hogg Island. The two most modern and *luxe* hotels are the Nassau Beach Club and, next door, Emerald Beach. Rates are \$26 U.S. for two, European Plan: meaning bed and private bath, no food, the basis on which I have quoted hotel rates throughout.

Nassau's night life is gay, its food good by Caribbean standards. My personal star goes to a restaurant called The Sun And . . ., just outside town. Peter Gardner and his wife care quite passionately about food, as witness their *coquilles St. Jacques* and their steak *fondue*, with six different sauces to dip into. An engaging accessory is their baby ocelot, who perambulates the swimming pool with bulging emerald eyes, huge soft claws and easy hips. She would knock most cabaret girls well into the shade. But back to conventional entertainment. Forewarned that I was being taken on a lightning tour, I went first to the Rum Keg, which is attached to the Nassau Beach Club. Decorated with rum barrels and ancient cutlasses, it was so drastically air conditioned that I forgot all about my affection for the ocelot. I could certainly have done with a fur of some kind, preferably mink like the other ladies, in spite of the fact that the temperature outside was 80 degrees, with humidity to match. Nevertheless, you can keep your circulation going to the beat of a Jamaican band and some Haitian drummers. The Rum Keg is good of its kind, I had to admit.

But Nassau's most amusing night life goes on in a district known as "over the hill." The hill in question, since the whole of New Providence lies at or below sea level, is a small mound that runs the length of the island. After all, everything is comparative. Anyway, over it the difference in atmosphere is astonishing. The Cat and Fiddle, Confidential, the Conch Shell and the Flowers are its mainstays. Confidential, looking a bit like a mission hall, is surprisingly the most "beat" of the lot. It has a good calypso group who play and sing to order, and room to dance.

In the Conch Shell, which is lit in lurid red, people really do move to the music. The Flowers is the oddest and latest of all. Originally, so it might appear, a native tea room with bottles of HP sauce and ketchup on each table, it is now the place that everybody, including cabaret performers from other clubs, goes to around four in the morning. The diet is ham and eggs, the music out of a juke box. The wheel has come full circle.

Bahamas Airways run frequent services to the Out Islands, and the hops are nearly all under 30 minutes. B.O.A.C. fly to Nassau via either Bermuda or New York (the New York Boeing flight leaves London at 11 a.m., gets you to Nassau at 6 p.m. local time). From Nassau down to Jamaica and Trinidad, British West Indian Airways take over. Jets and Viscounts on the long hops, well-serviced DC3s on those that stop at all the islands *en route*: Puerto Rico, the Virgins, St. Kitts, Antigua, Martinique, St. Lucia, Grenada, Barbados, St. Vincent. Having booked to the farthest point you may stop off and sidetrack as you like, for as long as you like, *en route*, at no extra cost. In London, one of the most clued-up travel agents on the Caribbean and what can be done there are Rankin & Kuhn, of 19 Queen Street, W.1.



PORTRAIT OF A BALLERINA

2

Annette Page

Annette Page, next in our series by Michael Peto, takes the leading role in a revival of *Scènes de Ballet* at Covent Garden next month. She has been attached to the Royal Ballet throughout her dancing career, joining the then Sadler's Wells Ballet School in 1945. Promoted leading ballerina in 1959, Annette Page has danced all the leading classical roles and scored a personal success in *Miracle in the Gorbals*, *The Firebird* and *Symphonic Variations*.

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THE TATLER
27 DECEMBER 1961

871

A HUNT DANCES



Viscount Leverhulme, the joint-Master, carries a champagne-laden tray at the annual Cheshire Hunt Ball held at Peckforten Castle near Tarporley. The ball climaxed a busy day for the Cheshire which began on an icy morning when hounds met at Bulkeley cross-roads on the Whitechurch road. More pictures overleaf by Desmond O'Neill. Muriel Bowen writes about the Cheshire meet and ball on page 875

NIGHT & DAY WITH THE CHESHIRE

Though conditions were icy, nearly 200 followers turned out for the meet of the Cheshire Hunt at Bulkeley cross-roads near Tarporley. The hunt finished at dusk, and the day ended with the annual Hunt Ball held at Peckforten Castle



Photographs:
Desmond O'Neill



The oldest follower, 85-year-old Mr. G. B. Radcliffe



Col. Gerald Grosvenor, heir to the Duke of Westminster, joint-Master



Col. G. B. Churton, honorary secretary of the hunt

Miss Mandy Moseley



Miss Matilda Macintyre



Col. R. B. Verdin and the Hon. Lady Chichester



Sir Randle Baker Wilbraham, Bt., former High Sheriff of Cheshire (centre), with Lady Kenyon



Mrs. Keith Rae



Lord Tollemache. Below: Guests at the table, Mrs. Terence Maxwell, Lady Nicholson, Sir Harold Bibby, Bt.



The Duchess of Westminster



PARTY TIME FOR CHILDREN



Jonathon Sandler found the tree most fascinating. Left: Conjuror Percy Press had a captive audience at the party held at Quaglino's to help the Children & Families World Community Chest

MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

CHRISTMAS TIME IS CHILDREN'S PARTY TIME. There are so many this year that they are treading on each other's heels. It is the same story throughout the country; the **Marchioness of Lothian** sums up the picture in southern Scotland as "an unending line of them reaching the whole way south from Edinburgh." She finds that her six children get far more party invitations than she did at their age. There are many more changes, too: "The older children's parties are much gayer, 10-year-olds nowadays seem to stay at parties until midnight. I suppose it's a matter of keeping up with the Joneses, but when I was that age we thought 10 o'clock a dazzlingly late hour for a party." Lady Lothian isn't planning any children's parties herself this year. Packing the bags (for herself, her husband and the six children) for a January ski-ing holiday, plus plans for moving from the Dower House to the family house a little later on, are keeping her fully occupied. Mothers often complain that children's Christmas parties come in waves—a lot in one week then none the next—so I was not surprised when Mrs. **Mark Bonham-Carter** made just that point. Three of her four girls, the **Hon. Laura Grenfell**, 11;

Jane Bonham-Carter, 4; and **Virginia Bonham-Carter**, 2, will be going to Christmas parties. Elizabeth at nine months is too young. Mrs. Bonham-Carter who is slim, good-looking and chic was brought up in America. The children's parties she went to there were very formal affairs, "the children wore almost a uniform of black velvet and white collars." She finds that children's parties now are more informal, more fun and that far fewer children are to be seen hiding shyly in corners. Though the general picture is of more children going to more parties, there are the exceptions. **Lady Mary Bailey**, a vivacious person herself, finds that her children are not particularly party-minded. They go to some and enjoy them, but they're not keen to go to a great many. Arabella, 6, is old enough now to cope on her own, but the nanny accompanies William, 4, and Philip, nearly 3.

Summing up the situation, **Viscountess Lewisham** said that children's parties are a great outing for nannies, "I think mothers give parties to impress nannies." Her boys William, 12, and Rupert, 11, like the sort of parties where they join up with their friends to go to the

circus, the theatre or the cinema. Like most children they like excitement, going to films like *The Alamo* and *The Guns Of Navarone* in particular. Lady Lewisham recalled the parties she went to as a child: "One in particular at Claridge's... we were given chocolate money to buy toys and sweets, it was an absolutely glorious party." In addition to the private parties there is an absolute spate of charity ones, with games for the younger children and dancing for the older ones. Miss **Dorice Stainer** is organizing a big children's party at the Hyde Park Hotel on 3 January, in aid of the Royal National Institute for the Blind. There will be fancy dress, dancing, games, clowns, a fairyland tableau and—for the mums—a large number of stage and screen celebrities. "Crowds of mums come to my children's parties and love them, too," Miss Stainer told me. "Of course, we get almost as many nannies, children's Christmas parties are the breath of life to them." Miss Stainer has been organizing children's parties since before the war, and is considered an expert in this field. One children's dancing matinée she gave in the summer raised £3,000 for charity in one afternoon. The greatest change since before the war is the demand for children's parties. "So many people are short-staffed, live in small flats and can't cope with giving parties in their own homes," she says.

Right: Lady Austin, Mrs. Douglas Foster and her daughter Fiona. Below: Unconcerned by a hectic game of musical bumps going on around him, one small boy preferred to play with a toy motor-car



Anthony Garton, aged 3½, dances with Camilla Anderson

Below: Mrs. Alistair Mackillop with her son Innes. Behind them, Mrs. Michael Birkin. Bottom: Mr. Sidney James with his children, Stephen and Susan, who appeared in the cabaret



"More and more of them come to the charity parties, but so it will be as like their own homes as possible I encourage them to make up a party of their own; and have their own table." Miss Ursula Philip-Williams is another expert in this field. She has been running interesting and amusing children's parties for the Invalid Children's Aid Association now for 14 years. For years hordes of people were disappointed because they could not get tickets for her Christmas party. A month in advance and more was still too late for applications; all the tickets had gone. So last year she had two parties for the first time, one for the small children and the other for the nine to 14 year olds. They were such a success that she is having two again this year. They will be on 2 & 3 January at the Savoy. "It is very important to have something a bit sophisticated for the older ones," she told me. "They want plenty to do, so this year I'm having a fancy headdress competition for them." (For a list of children's parties see the *Going Places* column on page 864.)

DIPLOMATIC DIVERSIONS

In Birmingham, where some of the finest buildings in the country are rising in the city's reconstructed centre, the Consular Corps had a ball at the Council House. This ball has a niche

all its own in the social life of the Midlands. Mr. F. E. Fenier, president of the Consular Association, and his committee can look on this year's ball as being as successful as its predecessors. It would certainly lead to much pleasure in Birmingham if it were to become an annual rather than a biennial occasion. Col. J. B. Grey, Consul for the Netherlands, and Mrs. Grey were there, and also Mr. R. B. Hooper, Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Arthur, Lt. Col. & Mrs. G. E. Ross, Mr. & Mrs. R. N. Dixon, Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Robinson, and Lt. Col. W. Baldwin Fletcher, Consul for Monaco. Foreign representation in Birmingham increases all the time, and the position of Consul is no sinecure. The labour influx in Birmingham has been enormous and not the least important aspect of it is the influx of girls from overseas for household service of one sort or another. In London the Anglo-Portuguese dinner was held at the Savoy and in 92 minutes of speeches the story of Portugal as Britain's oldest ally was well and truly covered. The new Portuguese Ambassador and Senhora Rocheta were welcomed with long speeches and even longer applause.

The speeches came from, among others, the Marquess of Salisbury, and guests joining in the general applause were Sir Ulick & Lady Mary Alexander, Sir James & Lady Crombie, Mr. & Mrs. George West, Lt. Col. J. Coss Brown,

Dr. Reggie Bennett, M.P., and Mr. & Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian.

HUNTING & DANCING IN CHESHIRE

It has not been quite the good hunting season hoped for in Cheshire where the joint-Masters are Viscount & Viscountess Leverhulme, and Col. Gerald Grosvenor. The unusually mild weather has helped the foxes save their brushes—and doubtless raid the turkey farms in order to enjoy some seasonal fare. But the foxes, not to mention such things as weather and (organizational) obstacles did not prevent those responsible for the social side of things from putting on a bang-up hunt ball at Peckforton Castle. Peckforton, an enormous edifice, with slit windows in the Norman tradition, was borrowed from Lord Tolle-mache. As it has not been occupied for 20 years there was a lot of basic work for the committee to do. There was also a lot of borrowing. At least some of this was done by the chairman of the ball committee, Mrs. Keith Rae, with a style and success that Mr. Jorrocks, the most famous of hunting characters, would have envied. It was possible to escape the tea-selling Mr. Jorrocks who was able to do no better than ride up to a fence after his prospective victims. But Mrs. Rae, who unlike

CONTINUED ON PAGE 878



Mr. R. B. Hooper, honorary secretary and treasurer of the Association, and Birmingham Consul for Bolivia and Honduras, with Lt.-Col. & Mrs. G. E. E. Ross. Below: Mr. F. E. Fenier, President of the Association & Consul for Norway, with daughters Karen & Caroline



Mr. & Mrs. K. B. Aars. He is Chargé d'Affaires at the Norwegian Embassy, and was the guest of honour



The Birmingham Consular Association is represented in 27 countries, and the biennial Consular Ball, one of the city's major events, had an international quality, in guests, food—a buffet of more than 100 foreign dishes—and entertainment—dancers from Spain and Thailand



The Lady Mayoress of Birmingham, Mrs. Eric E. Mole, with Mrs. G. B. Grey, wife of the Birmingham Consul for the Netherlands



Birmingham Consuls for Monaco and the Netherlands, Lt.-Col. W. Baldwin Fletcher and Col. G. B. Grey. Left: Mr. & Mrs. Cecil Whiteoak Robinson. He's Birmingham Consul for Sweden

Photographs: A. V. Swaabe



Mr. & Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian. Below: Mr. & Mrs. E. K. Mantell. He is the Honorary Secretary of the Anglo-Portuguese Society



Dr. Manuel F. Rocheta, the Portuguese Ambassador, with Senhora Rocheta and the Marquess & Marchioness of Salisbury

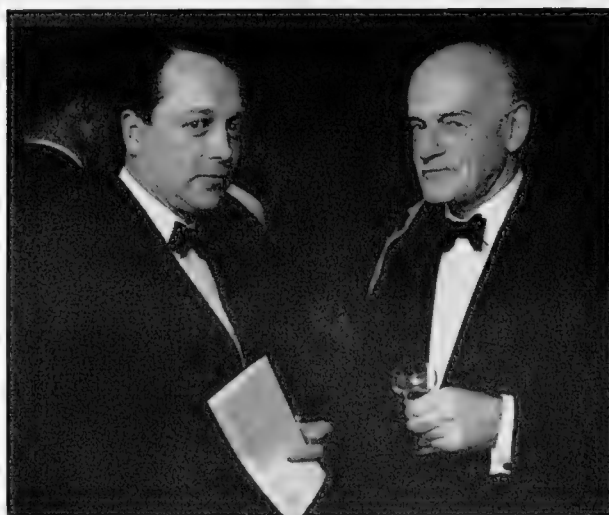
The Marquess of Salisbury described Anglo-Portuguese relationships as "deliciously and aromatically involved in port" at the 23rd anniversary dinner of the Anglo-Portuguese Society held at the Savoy. He also paid a tribute to the permanence of the treaty of 1373

PERMANENCE OF THE PAST



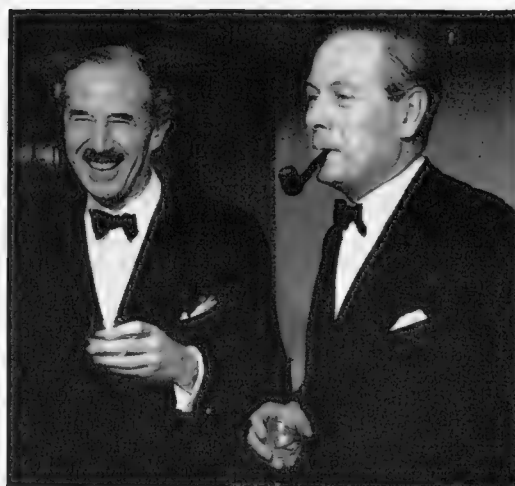
Right: Viscount Davidson, Vice-President of the Society. Far right: The Brazilian Ambassador, Dr. J. Cochrane de Alencar, with Senhora de Alencar

Right: Lord Fisher and Major R. A. R. Bosanquet at the Flyfishers' Club dinner at the Savoy. Below: Sir Edward Chadwyck-Healey, Bt., chairman of the Salmon & Trout Association, and Mr. O. Allen-Harker who fishes on the Kennet



ANGLERS in LONDON

Photographs: Desmond O'Neill



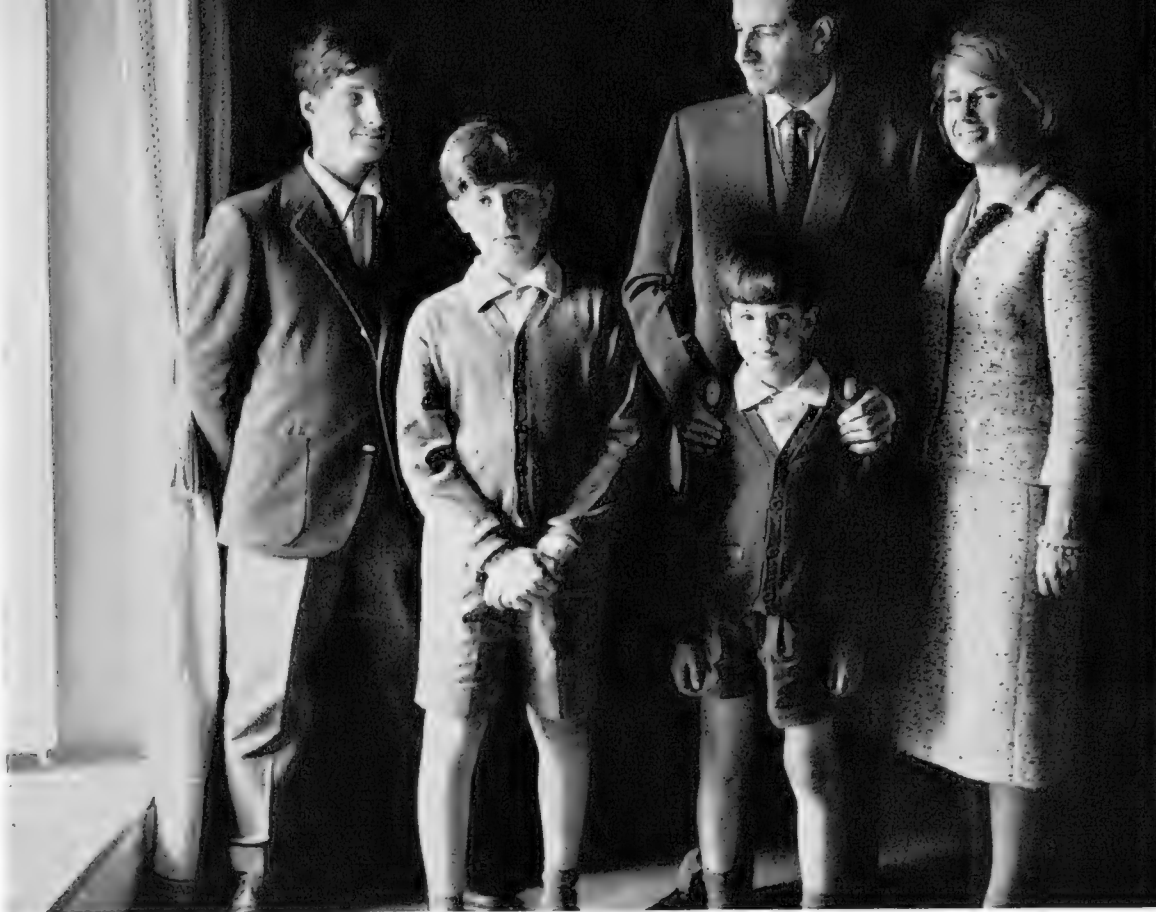
Lord Hollenden and Mr. A. Dickson Wright, the surgeon. Middle right: Mr. J. M. Williams and Mr. H. J. S. French

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

Mr. Jorrocks is a fine rider across a country, pursued at least one Cheshire follower—much to his delight—over the jumps in pursuit of her borrowing operations. The result of all this was that Peckforten was looking so glamorous and gay on the night that Lady Tollemache said of it afterwards: "Until that night I always thought of Peckforten as a place of long dark corridors . . . but they [the ladies committee] made it so attractive." Mrs. Lyon Whittle and Mrs. Ben Heaton were persuaded to lend their carpets. The Countess of Rocksavage contributed decorative shields and Mrs. Ronald Callender tiger skins for the walls. Mrs. Geoffrey Churton was one of those willing to see her chairs and sofas piled into a horsebox and taken to Peckforten for the night. It was one of those combined operations that men love to sit back and talk about. Mrs. Ross Piggott and Mrs. Hugo Arnold arrived with vases, bowls, buckets, net wire—and flowers. Roles need careful thinking out to work as they did on this occasion. Mrs. Patrick Moseley might best be described as the chairman's chief of staff, and Mrs. John Clegg as a sort of liaison officer of general planning operations. Of course, it is not possible for the Cheshire Hunt to mount an operation of this size without word getting round. There were 1,200 applicants for tickets, and no shortage of people like Viscount Ashbrook and Col. R. B. Verdin willing to dress up in their Tarporely Hunt uniform, silver buckled shoes *et al.* Indeed 400 people who wanted tickets had to be disappointed. The joint-Masters and their wives came, and so did Lord & Lady Kenyon, the Hon. Jane Flower, Mrs. Terence Maxwell (daughter of the late Sir Austen Chamberlain), Col. the Hon. Christopher & Lady Elizabeth Beckett. Also there were the Duchess of Westminster, Mr. Keith Rae (the chairman's husband whose idea it was to turn the cellar into a bar and put down a new floor in it), Mr. & Mrs. Michael Moseley, Miss Matilda Macintyre, Col. R. Martin, Mr. & Mrs. Tim Whiteley, Sir John & the Hon. Lady Chichester and Sir Randle Baker Wilbraham, Bt. A gigantic operation, down to the ferrying of guests in buses from the front gate to the Castle.

THE SURGEON'S REVENGE

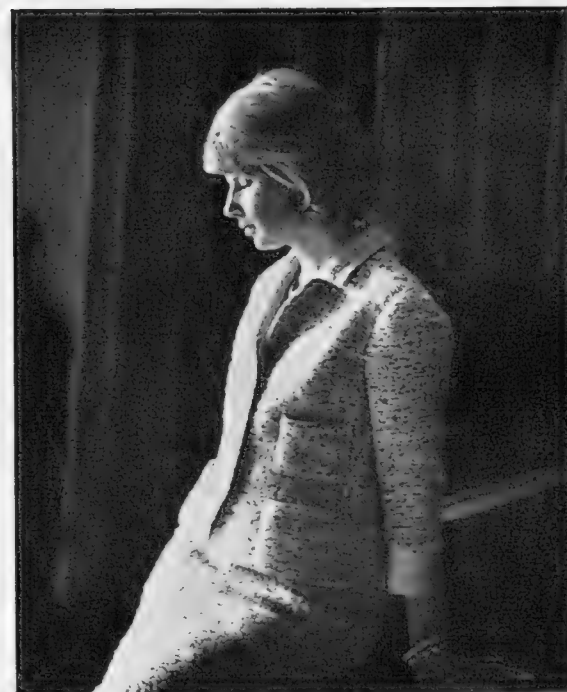
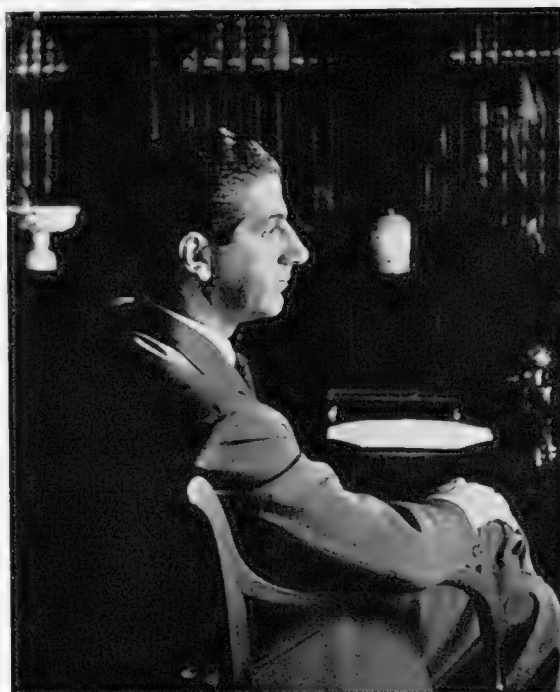
The fishermen were in fine form when they went to the Savoy to dine as members of the Flyfishers' Club. The occasion brought together a widely representative gathering of English life. Supporting Sir George Burt, the chairman, were such stalwarts of the business and professional life of the country as, Lord Hollenden and Sir Edward Chadwyck-Healey, Bt. Also there were Col. Sir Louis Gluckstein, Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty, Mr. John Williams and Lord Hurcomb. With a nice sense of humour they had asked Mr. A. Dickson Wright who is not a fisherman, to make the main speech. Having thanked them for a good dinner he went on to pull their legs mercilessly.



Cayetana, Duchess of Alba, Berwick, and Hjar, Countess of Lemos, lives with the Duke and their four sons Carlos, Alfonso, Jacobo and baby Fernando (the older children are seen with their parents on the left) in the Palacio de Liria, Madrid. The Duchess, whose father was the Spanish Ambassador in London for many years, has so many social and official engagements that she finds that she has little time to spare these days for the wide range of activities

HOSTESS in MADRID

Photographs: Christian Fairfax



she enjoys. She is interested in the arts, and has a studio of her own in her Madrid home. A well-known exponent of flamenco dancing, she is also an aficionado of the bulls, and has taken part in the yearly tientas held at the breeding farms to test the courage of young bulls. The Duchess won many cups show-jumping, and loves to drive her splendid pair of coal-black carriage horses. The Albas also have a magnificent palace in Seville

Sandringham in the 1860s, one of the earliest photographs



Radio Times Hulton Picture Library

100 years of *Royal* SANDRINGHAM

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES, CHILDREN STILL LIKE TO put on paper crowns and pretend that they are princes. But princes like to forget their crowns (King George V used to complain because his weighed $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds) and some are rather eccentric in seeking the simple touch. Queen Victoria enjoyed seeing the kettle boil on the moors near Balmoral, to make her cup of tea, and the Prince Consort said that food "tasted better in small houses." And there is the nice story of King Christian X writing to King George V, asking what he would like him to bring to England as a Christmas present. King George asked for no more than a bowl of *öllebröd*, the Danish peasant soup made of beer and breadcrumbs. King Christian brought the soup and they drank it together one morning, in Buckingham Palace.

These private pleasures are best enjoyed at Balmoral, or at Sandringham, which is celebrating its centenary as a royal residence. There the Queen is spending Christmas with the Royal Family in a manner that has become traditional.

The Prince Consort arranged for the purchase of Sandringham for his eldest son in 1861—the last

year of his life. The Prince of Wales held his first shooting party there the following summer; but as an experiment in privacy it was not an instant success. He wrote afterwards, "Fancy, on Saturday last a reporter from Lynn actually joined the beaters, but as I very nearly shot him in the legs as a rabbit was passing he very soon gave me a wide berth. Gen. Knollys then informed him that his presence was not required, and he 'skedaddled,' as the Yankees call it. The next day he wrote an apology for his infamous conduct, and I don't think he will trouble us any more."

From then, the Prince was able to give his private parties at Sandringham in peace, and to take down the old house and build a new one "on a commodious scale." The Duke of Windsor has given us an apt description of it. He wrote, "Some have linked the architectural style—hopefully—with the Elizabethan—but the family never took this theory seriously."

Sandringham might make purists shudder, but the Prince of Wales was not hampered by such sensibilities. He completed the new house, and built a second, smaller one which became the home of his

son; he made roads, built cottages for the tenants, and increased the acreage. Then he was free to entertain his friends from that strange world he favoured; the world of dalliance, luxury and millionaires. One of his closest friends, Lady Warwick, recalled, "As a class, we did not like brains." The Prince liked, instead, to turn the handle of a barrel-organ while his guests danced the night away, and he would croak with delight as they slid down the stairs on tea trays. He did not know that his mother described his separate court as "not very nice."

As the relationship between mother and son softened with age, Queen Victoria was drawn into the pattern of life at Sandringham. The first visit was grave and alarming. She went there in 1871, when the Prince was believed to be dying of typhoid. It was a poignant victory for her motherliness over her rigid conception of royal duty. She sat behind a screen where he could not see her, but, as she wrote in her *Journal*, she could peep at him by the light of the candles, "burning and most dreary."

Another entry from Queen Victoria's *Journal*. The scene was Sandringham on a spring day in 1889, when the Queen was 70 years old. She wrote, "Everything came back to my mind as we drove in at the gates. . . . All was the same as at that terrible time—and yet all was different. . . . Bertie and Alix then took me upstairs to the well-known old rooms, which had been freshly done up."

On the last day of her visit the Prince made a splendid gesture: he brought Ellen Terry and Henry Irving from London, with their company, to present a play for her. She wrote afterwards, "We sat in the front row—*The Bells* is a melodrama, and is very thrilling."

The menacing shadows of history touched Sandringham now and then. How strangely formal, and quietly bitter, the scenes must have been when the Kaiser stayed there, in November, 1902. The old Queen was dead and there was no one to soften the curious hatred between uncle and nephew. King Edward VII did everything possible to entertain the Kaiser. Irving acted again, Albert Chevalier sang comic songs, Goldin performed his "illusions" and Kubelik played the violin. But there was no sweetness and when the Kaiser drove off, the King turned to his friends and said, "Thank God he has gone!"

The King continued to like jolly people about him and he drew his grandchildren into the happy pattern of holidays at Sandringham. Indeed, he represented a release for them, from the sterner pattern of duty imposed by their parents. The Duke of Windsor has recalled those days when, with his brothers, he was "encouraged" in his "innate boisterousness" and allowed to romp about the dining-room floor when he should have been in the school-room.

The fashion changed at Sandringham when King Edward died, in the year 1910. The Edwardian ladies, hard, beautiful and trivial, had no place in the sober pattern of King George V and Queen Mary. King George wrote, "Dear old Sandringham—the place I have loved better than anywhere in the world." But the love had been born in York Cottage, near the big house; a small, ugly home which he enjoyed and from which he had been able to watch his father's flamboyance at a distance.

Over King George's desk at Sandringham was a maxim, written in his own hand:

I shall pass through this world but once. And

any good thing, therefore, that I can do—or any kindness that I can show any human being—let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

King George's stern sense of duty endured to the end; to the last Christmas party at Sandringham when he "had grown thin and bent" so that his children "shared a sense of foreboding that this might well be his last."

"In the spacious white ballroom," wrote the Duke of Windsor, "where we had all had such fun in my grandfather's time, a fourth generation had begun to assert itself. Bertie's two children, Elizabeth, who was then nine, and her sister, Margaret Rose, romped around the 20-foot Christmas tree."

The Duke has also recalled the day in January, 1936, when he flew down to see his father for the last time. As the aircraft came near the estate, "a sudden impulse" made him signal the pilot to "make a wide circle." He wrote afterwards, "Here was my father's home, a place he preferred to palaces, and where, since boyhood, he had known happiness to a degree experienced by few men and almost never by kings. The Big House, set off by formal lawns, seemed



the embodiment of my father's life and philosophy—secure, unchanging, apart."

King Edward VII had built Sandringham and King George V had loved it. The theme continued with King George VI. He had said, long before his brother abdicated, "I am not palace-minded." This domestic contentment inspired a pleasant paragraph in Lord Alanbrooke's diary when he went to stay at Sandringham in January, 1943.

When one looks back over the history of monarchy and the unhappy cleavage that has so often spoiled the relationship between monarchs and their heirs, it might seem that these ghosts have been laid in this retreat, protected by the Norfolk moors. Nor does the theme of death spoil this, for no life could have ended in quieter fulfilment than that of King George VI, at Sandringham. In the end, said Sir Winston Churchill, "death came as a friend, and, after a happy day of sunshine and sport; after 'good night' to those who loved him best, he fell asleep. . . ."

The "happy day of sunshine" was part of the present Queen's inheritance.

A busy year for the Queen, seen here returning from her tour of West Africa, culminated in the traditional family Christmas at Sandringham. The Queen's Christmas message was formerly broadcast from the house, but since 1958 the speech has been telecast in London so that it could be available to all Commonwealth countries at the same time



The vital **VISCONTI**

At work on the set of a new film, Italian director Luchino Visconti concentrates on every detail of the appearance of his star, Romy Schneider. The film—it's called *Boccaccio '70*—is to be one of those portmanteau productions that have several directors, each controlling one sequence. Visconti's contribution is an adaptation of Guy de Maupassant's story *Au Bord du Lit* (in Italian *Il Lavoro*). His colleagues in the Rome studios are Fellini, Monicelli and De Sica. On stage or screen Visconti's vitality is always apparent. His work with Maria Callas is operatic history, and recently two of his films—*La Terra Trema*, and the controversial *Rocco & His Brothers*—were applauded in London



So what happened then ?

OR, PLAYS I WISH I'D SEEN ON TELEVISION LAST NIGHT



"There was this rich spinster, you see, and she was on holiday in Venice. Well, she met this young man, terribly good-looking and smooth, and she fell in love with him. He told her his father owned hundreds of oil wells, but could he borrow a hundred pounds from her as his traveller's cheques hadn't arrived yet. She agreed and then he said, 'Let's get married darling, I can't live without you.' So they got married, and he took her out on a motor boat in the rough sea and looked at her in a rather funny way."

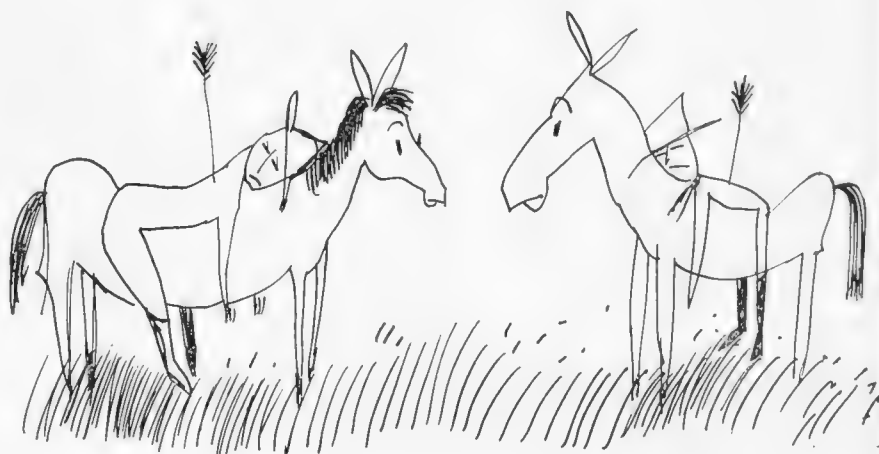
"What happened then?"

"His father, who owned hundreds of oil wells, arrived, and they all went home to Texas."

"There was this wagon train, you see, fighting its way across Arizona to seek a new life in the West. Well, they'd been without water for three days, and you could see how tired the horses were, when suddenly the scout rode back into camp and said, 'This is it, folks, there's a war party of Apaches out ahead.' So they moved the wagons into a circle, and lay down under them, and then the Indians came galloping round, firing their guns and shouting. Pretty soon the white men were out of ammunition, and they'd just about lost hope when someone heard the thunder of hoofs. The U.S. Cavalry had arrived."

"What happened then?"

"The Indians won the battle."



"There was this priest, you see, and he worked in the roughest quarter of Chicago. Well, he'd befriended this young Mexican, called Carlo, and everyone said to him you'll never tame that hooligan, Father, he's bad all the way through. But the priest said, 'I trust him and I know he'll never let me down.' Then a few days later there was this big robbery at a lonely house, and a poor old lady was battered to death. Of course, the police suspected Carlo, because he was seen near the house that night, and when they questioned him he told some silly lies. The Priest, who had been a heavyweight boxer before he took orders, I forgot to tell you, said to prove Carlo's innocence he would find the real murderer."

"What happened then?"

"He found out it was Carlo."

Plots by Mary Macpherson, drawings by Anthony Mayer

“There were these two tramps in a deserted cellar, you see, and they said they were waiting for Harry, and they scratched and talked about God and philosophy and life and got to quarrelling, and kept saying that they would be all right when Harry arrived, and they talked a bit more about the way life is hell and how everything would be all right when Harry arrived. And then they got to fighting——”

“What happened then?”

“Harry arrived and it was all right.”



“There was this little boy Hughie, you see, who lived on a ranch in the West and had a faithful horse called Trusty. This little boy was the only human being Trusty trusted because he’d saved him from a prairie fire when he was a colt. Hughie and Trusty spent all their time together and Hughie taught his faithful friend a whole lot of tricks like Dying for the President, Counting with His Hoof up to Ten, and Carrying Messages. Well, one day Hughie rode Trusty out to a lonely part of the ranch, and while they were galloping along Trusty saw a rattlesnake and bolted. Hughie fell off and broke his leg, and of course he couldn’t ride, so he wrote a note and put it in the saddlebag, and he said, ‘Go on, good boy, Carry a Message.’”

“What happened then?”

“Trusty counted with his hoof up to ten.”



“There was this little boy, you see, and he got into the bank vault while no one was looking. Well, the time lock was set for four days, because it was the Friday before bank holiday, and of course the air was running out, and his mother was sobbing in the corner, and the bank manager said, ‘Don’t worry Mrs. Taylor, we’ll get little Eddie out of there if it’s humanly possible.’”

“What happened then?”

“They sent for the people who made the vault and they had it open in five minutes.”



ETON on St. Andrew's Day

It goes without saying that parents visiting a son or sons at school must be on their most correct behaviour; exercising an economy of speech and gesture and exhibiting that careful uniformity in the matter of dress which characterizes off-duty Guards officers or the senior ranks of the Civil Service. Exhibitionism—particularly in hats for mothers—would be frowned on severely. Most parents know the rules and conform to them, but there are other points—no less important—to remember and observe. Games, school work, artistic achievement in the fields of graphic art and sculpture must all be inspected and commented on in a dignified manner and, where possible, with favour. Presents are acceptable and welcomed—say a brace of pheasants (unplucked) and an assortment of less perishable food and drink to last at least until the end of the half. But most important of all is for the parent to know the best places outside the school precincts at which to entertain their offspring. (They must, of course, be approved by the school authorities.) Old Etonian **Tom Hustler** visited the school on St. Andrew's Day to show in photographs just how the thing should be done





Come bearing gifts; acceptable items include (right) an unplucked pheasant in a basket and (far right) soft drinks in plentiful supply



Look in (left) at Absence—an 11.30 a.m. ritual—to get an idea of Eton's discipline. Afterwards you'll probably be taken on to see the Wall Game

Watch a fives match (right) they'll tell you that the game began at Eton when boys used to knock a ball against the wall between the buttresses while waiting to enter the 15th-century chapel





You'll watch the Wall Game, naturally, but nobody will expect you to understand the rules. And don't worry about the carnage, hardly anybody ever gets killed

You may have played the Wall Game yourself. In that case you're bound to know what's going on. If not a wise expression helps

After lunch you'll be taken along to watch the Field Game match (right)—a vigorous mixture of rugger and soccer—waged between Old Etonians at Oxford and their counterparts from Cambridge



Lunchtime is the moment to prove your command of gastronomic geography. You could try Skindles (above) out at Maidenhead, or the Buttery (above right) in Eton. Other choices in the range above include Chinese food at Swan's in Windsor, the Century back in Eton, and for tea, traditionally, the Cockpit

Always try to arrive in time or you'll find a reception committee waiting around the Burning Bush—a famous lamp standard in the middle of Eton

You won't be able to recognize everybody on sight but your scholastic contact will readily identify Eton's V.I.P.s (below) even when their backs are turned



Choice of headgear should be governed by the weather, but if it turns really cold (left) sisters may be permitted to borrow a football scarf

The Field Game match gives an opportunity to admire athletic prowess and to pick out important people in the crowd. Be ready for the whispered warning "Here comes the Headmaster"





Tea tastes best by the fire in your son's own room in his House and you'll get a chance to help with the toast



The photographic exhibition is a must. Another Old Etonian, the Earl of Snowdon, judged the entries earlier this year. Visitors must leave the House by 6.30 leaving the visited (right) with feet comfortably up by the fire

Sisters can learn a lot (below) while watching a rackets match. It's a larger edition of squash played with a small, hard, leather-covered ball, and one of the fastest ball games in the world



GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

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PERSONAL

FRENCH FLAIR with treatments, make-
up, is just available at Carita, 44 Sloane
Street (Belgravia 7791) who have a chic,
silk-lined, beauty salon downstairs. Chiro-
pody, pedicures, leg massage and wax
depilatories are also given. Only natural
products (like plants) are used in the beauty
treatments here in the form of quickly
absorbed liquids (no creams).

THE SHOCK TREATMENT at Carita
lasts for 45 minutes and consists of face
cleansing and massage, a steamy session
with the Vapozone and a few bursts from a
machine that feels like icy sea spray which
minimises pores. A gentle plant extract
mask freshens skin before Mlle. Danielle
applies her dazzling make-ups.

THE SPECIAL TREATMENT takes 11
minutes. First neck and shoulders are
massaged to improve circulation and any
dead skin is removed from the face by the
Renovateur liquid. Then the new skin is
nourished, steamed slightly to open
pores, cleansed of any imperfections, pores
are closed and a plant extract mask is
applied. A phial of nourishing liquid goes
on next (Mlle. Carita has one for every skin
condition) and then Danielle gives a dashing
make-up. At Carita.

SPLITTING NAILS? See below.

RESCUE WORK for splitting nails: paint
on Mavala under polish and halt split-
ting. This product makes nails tougher,
stronger. Use once or twice a week.

TWO BEAUTY IDEAS at Carita worth
taking home: cleansing with plain milk,
followed up by tonic. Pencilled lids are given
a fixing layer of mascara applied with a soft
brush. If black pencil is used, the setting
layer could be green to soften the effect.

SOUTH SEA BUBBLES burst in your bath
water after using Harriet Hubbard Ayer's
new bubble bath. Gives a soft feel to the
skin, a sea green hue to the water: 21s. for
20 baths.

NEWS FOR EYES: Revlon's new Brush-
On mascara comes in 12 hues with a
tufted wand instead of the more usual metal
applicator—two smart colours are charcoal
grey, dark blue. It costs 15s. 6d.

REMOVABLE LASHES: "Gossamer
eyelashes combine the most delicate
appearance with a very resilient Permanent
Curl", claim the makers. Gossamer lashes
cost 7s. 6d. a pair.

TWO NEW HAIRDRIERS for the home
are designed like the ones in hairdressers
—Magicair costs 8 gns., Cover Girl 12 gns.
They clip on where you need them.

FRESH PICKED LIMES: newest after-
shave is made to an old formula. Royal
Lyme toilet lotion is "A delightful essence
scented with native limes, to be used by
gentlewomen as a cologne, and by gentle-
men as an after shave lotion." Made and
packed in the Bahamas, Royal Lyme is still
sold in a sea green bottle with an old-
fashioned label and a lead stopper: it costs
a guinea.

COUNTESS CSAKY recommends her ten
day plan for beauty. Two products are
used for ten days—Vitamin Skin Food and
Secret. But be sure to take off all make up
first with at least two applications of her
Antacid Cleansing Cream. Countess Csaky
products available at Marshall & Snelgrove.

HAIR FLASH: Raphael & Leonard have
designed a new hairdo that goes prettily
with the Twist. It is sleek one side, twists up
on the other. Available from their salon.

SMART PHOTOGRAPHY undertaken
by experienced man with camera. Barry
Warner. Box 4586. See this page.

Old Kilbracken's Almanac (SERIES 2)

JUST A YEAR AGO I PUBLISHED IN THESE PAGES the first-ever edition of Old Kilbracken's Almanac, in which, as may (or may not) be remembered, I gave my crystal ball a polish and provided an advance preview of 1961. Rather more than half of it, I think I may say, has now come true. Bank rate came down "in the very near future" as predicted—within a few days of publication. It rose again later, of course, but that's another matter. Cambridge won the Boat Race. Spurs reached the final of the Cup—though admittedly I was wrong in predicting they would lose it—and I was absolutely right about the price movements of cattle. Brendan Behan went on and off the wagon *at least* seven times.

I drew attention to Goa as a future trouble spot, and it is now bubbling up as predicted. I foresaw the birth of a son to Princess Margaret and stated that the Archbishop of Canterbury would be greatly in the news. It is true that President de Gaulle was not actually assassinated, which I mentioned as being likely, but he came very close to it. Of France I wrote in particular: "There will be sporadic outbursts of violence among the civilian population, involving *les flics*, but actual civil war may perhaps be avoided." This was strictly accurate.

My equine predictions, I agree, were rather off-beam: though Breasley and Piggott did in fact fill the first two positions in the jockeys' table, it hardly required the prescience of a Delphic sibyl to foretell this. As far as space was concerned, British rockets, as I had written, were indeed confined to Guy Fawkes' Day; the Russians chose Venus instead of Mars as their planetary target, and America didn't even get as far as the Moon. The manufacture of H-bombs continued. Nothing was done, as I confidently foretold, to ease credit restrictions, which indeed became more stringent. Indisputably, it was a year of alarms and excursions, which is just what I said it would be.

I therefore approach 1962 with a considerable degree of confidence, though it will be basically different from 1961. To begin with, if you turn 1961 upside-down, it remains, mysteriously, 1961. But 1962, with excessive normality, just becomes 1961. This, I feel, is a good sign, despite all those planets which are about to come into conjunction, if that's the right phrase. (There won't be another upside-down year till 6119, which we needn't really worry about.) There are other more important differences. To everyone's amazement, there will be (I predict) a general relaxation of international tension in 1962. Political leaders in the West and East will slowly begin to behave less like ill-tempered schoolboys. There will be compromises everywhere: a compromise in the Congo, a compromise over Berlin, a compromise over disarmament and a compromise over the Minicabs. It is unfortunate that compromises, like promises, get broken.

There will also be a progressive relaxation in restrictions of credit, and the Bank Rate will fall steadily all through the year, reaching its lowest point just before the snap General Election, which will take place in November. Only cynics will see any necessary connection between these two events. Fixed-interest securities will rise correspondingly, so an investment in out-of-fashion stock such as Consols should show a good profit. There will be a pause in the pay pause, lasting till after the election, when there will be a pause in the pause in the pay pause. As a result of these inflationary pressures, the pound will come very close to devaluation without actually going under. Ordinary shares will shoot ahead from now till May, to wallow in the doldrums till August, and then reach a highest-ever peak before the end of the year. The Conservatives will win the General Election though with a greatly reduced majority. There will be no

electoral pact between the two progressive parties, let alone amalgamation, though only by such means could they have even the smallest hope of achieving political power. The Liberals will increase their share of the poll to 21 per cent. This will be rewarded, through the workings of our exemplary democratic system, with nearly 2 per cent of the seats in the House of Commons.

Ireland will win the Grand National, and also the Champion Hurdle—the latter with Another Flash. An English colt, on the other hand, will take the Derby and St. Leger, though I do not think it will be with the current favourite, Miralzo. Breasley will beat Piggott again, but the jockey to watch will be Ron Hutchinson. Oxford will manage to win the Boat Race. It takes little skill to predict that Burnley will be league champions; they will not, however, even reach the final of the F.A. Cup, in which Tottenham, Greaves-propelled, will repeat last year's victory.

There will be frequent news items about the Royal Family, Zsa Zsa Gabor, the Duke of Bedford, Porfirio Rubirosa and, of course, Billy Butlin. I make no apology for the fact that this identical prophecy, with the addition of the Archbishop of Canterbury, also appeared a year ago. It will probably appear next year, too. It is just as likely as ever that de Gaulle will be assassinated. And I nearly forgot space (of which I'm running out): the Russians will send a manned capsule round the Moon, the Americans will have a disaster but will contrive to rise above it, and Britain will remain strictly in the atmosphere.

Finally, for myself, I predict that my centre of gravity will tend to start shifting back to Ireland from London—but I feel far less confident about forecasting my own future than anything else I've mentioned, which is saying something. And that, it seems, is all for this edition. A Happy New Year!

Lord Kilbracken

THE PARTY MOOD

THE TATLER
27 Dec. 1961
893

SEEING
OUT
THE
YEAR
A
DEUX?

AS A BACKGROUND TO CANDLELIGHT, HERE'S WHAT TO WEAR

SVELTE LITTLE NOTHING
DRESS, WITH SHOESTRING
STRAPS AND HINT OF A
SWING IN THE SKIRT: BASIS
FOR EXCITING JEWELLERY.
FREDRICA AT DICKINS &
JONES: £6

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JOHN DONALDSON





SIMPLE UNDERSTATE-
MENT OF GLAMOUR—
FILMY BLACK GEORGETTE
CUT SLINKY AND SLENDER,
SEPARATE PANEL FROM THE
SHOULDERS. SUSAN SMALL
AT D. H. EVANS: 15 GNS.
PRECIOUS PEARLS FROM
KUTCHINSKY

BRIEF BISTRO DRESS IN
SAGE WOOL LACE, THE
WAIST BELTED LOW. TO
ORDER AT MORELL OF
CURZON STREET: 59 GNS.
HANDSOME BROOCH,
KUTCHINSKY



SEEKING
NEW
YEAR
IN
WITH
THE
CROWD?

YOU'LL DANCE THE TWIST, HERE'S WHAT TO WEAR

SWINGING LITTLE SLIP OF A DRESS IN SCARLET JERSEY, PLEATED 'THIRTIES SKIRT, ST. JOSEPH OF FRANCE AT ROBELL, BAKER STREET: 16½ GNS. TASSEL PENDANT AND ALL GLITTER FROM PRESENTS

FORMAL SKATER'S SKIRT IN SOOTY BLACK VELVET, BOLERO CAUGHT AT SHOULDERS IN VELVET BOWS. TO ORDER AT MORELL OF CURZON STREET: ABOUT 45 GNS.





BUDGET DRESS; PILLARBOX
RED BOUCLE WITH SWING-
ING SKIRT. TIDILY PRICED
AT ABOUT 7 GNS.: WALLIS
SHOPS, MARBLE ARCH

CRISP FLUTTER OF DANC-
ING PLEATS IN BLUE AND
BLACK SPECKLED TWEED.
MARY QUANT AT BAZAAR;
32 GNS.





. CREAMY CRÊPE
FITTED TO HIPS, SPAGHETTI
EFFECT AT THE BACK.
LONDON TOWN, SHORTLY
AT WAKEFORDS: 15 GNS.

OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS

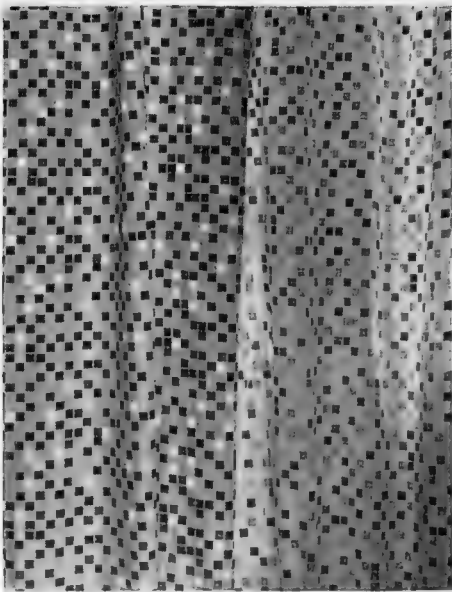
Page 893 FREDRICA BLACK
DRESS AT KENNETH
KEMSLEY, NOTTINGHAM;
SCHOFIELDS, LEEDS.

Page 894 SUSAN SMALL
BLACK DRESS AT NOVELLO,
BRADFORD; PLUMMER
RODDIS, BRIGHTON.

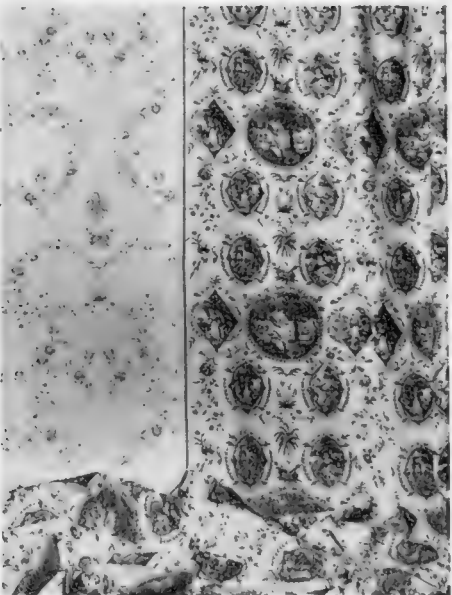
Page 896 ST. JOSEPH OF
FRANCE AT DALY'S, GLAS-
GOW; 'W. HENDERSON,
LIVERPOOL.

Page 898 WALLIS SHOPS
BRANCHES AT BROMLEY
AND BIRMINGHAM.

Page 900 LONDON TOWN
DRESS AT MORRISONS,
GLASGOW; BOOKS, NEW-
CASTLE.



Herman Miller fabrics designed by Alexander Girard and already famous in America will be seen here for the first time early in 1962. Imported by Hille and available in first-class furnishing stores the designs are all strong, stressing stripes, checks and small squares, in linens, cottons, and a Dacron mixture gauze. Shown here, "Small Squares"—natural linen with browns, greys and white. 50 in. wide, about 30s. Gauze (right) in small squares of browns, yellows, silver and gold on white. 47 in. wide, about 50s. Already to be seen at Dunn's, Bromley



Marshall & Snelgrove's recently-opened Furnishing Advisory Department has a wide range of books of wallpapers, swatches of fabric, and carpets. Among them are six handsome fabrics by G. P. Baker, with co-ordinating wallpapers by Cole. There are chintzes, cottons and satins in several colour ranges. The wallpapers pick out the main motif of the fabric pattern, rather than repeating it exactly. Seen here, a toile taken from an old block—in cotton only in green, sepia, or terracotta on off-white. 38 in. wide, 12s. 6d. Wallpaper, 25s. a piece, all to order



NEW YEAR INNOVATIONS



Some months ago Creda and Tricity jointly announced their individual versions of the first British refrigerators with built-in deep freezers. Seen here is the Creda model, shown as it stands (above), and the inside of the deep freeze (below). This is in the top of the cabinet. Capacity: refrigerator, 5½ cubic ft.; deep freeze, 1 cubic ft. The inside of the refrigerator door is fitted for bottles. It automatically de-frosts, and has good space for ice-trays in the deep freeze, where the temperature is always sub-zero. 99 gns. complete, available about March



From an old design, new oven-to-table casserole dishes, plates and covered soup bowls. They are made by Spode in Alenite, which is almost like china, but very strong. The range is in oyster-white, and the casserole lids have partridges perched on them. Spode plan to put this range into general distribution at about the end of March. At the moment, General Trading Company have some. Approximate prices: casseroles, £5 14s. to £6 16s. 10d. in three sizes, soup bowls, £1 5s. 8d.

INTELLIGENCE REPORT

Allied Ironfounders have recently started a Bathroom Advisory Service. For a fixed nominal fee of 2 gns., their architects will design a bathroom, supplying the client with a detailed plan and suggested colour scheme, bearing in mind price limits. Installation costs are not supplied as they depend on the amount of work involved. Prospective clients should apply to the Bathroom Advisory Bureau, Allied Ironfounders Ltd., Cadbury Road, Sunbury-on-Thames. They will receive a detailed questionnaire regarding their needs, and a graph to complete.

The General Trading Company move to their new premises near Sloane Square on 5 February, having made a weekend move from Grantham Place. The directors and their architect, Peter Wood, were determined to retain the private house atmosphere that was a feature at Grantham Place, and in order to do this have converted two Victorian houses in Sloane Street. The gift department will be the first thing customers see; climbing stairs they will reach a new kitchen department, stocked with copper and stainless steel pots and pans, ovenware, and wickedly efficient kitchen knives. On same floor are the china and glass departments; up another flight of stairs is a magnificent, light floor devoted to antiques and interior decorating.

Johnson's, better known for their floor and furniture waxes, will have new shoe polishes on the market next month. They eliminate all mess—each set is in a special container which is applied to shoes like a spot remover. There are four sets; men's, containing wax, plastic sponge and cloth; liquid self-shining polish for women; children's shoe polish that covers scuff marks; and polish for white leather shoes. Each set is 3s. 6d., and the first three come in a good range of colours.

YES?

CRITIC'S CHOICE

PLAYS *Anthony Cookman*

Critic's Choice. Vaudeville Theatre. (Ian Carmichael, Muriel Pavlow, Anne Berry, Una Venning.)

It couldn't happen here

MR. IAN CARMICHAEL IS AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. TO MANY PEOPLE that will be a sufficient reason for going there. They will not much care what may be the nature of the play in which he has chosen to appear. They may all the same suffer a series of little surprises when they get there. Mr. Carmichael gave it out recently that he wanted a change from the harum-scarum farcical comedy which has endeared him to us all and was looking for a serious comedy. Mr. Ira Levin's **Critic's Choice** is presumably this serious comedy. I cannot recall, at any rate, an essentially light comedy which tries so desperately hard to take seriously a moral problem that, to an English audience at least, seems a somewhat preposterous little storm in a tea-cup.

It makes one sudden switch into pure farce. This deliciously entertaining interlude Mr. Carmichael handles with the comic ease and certainty to which his fans are accustomed. He is quite happy apparently to play for the rest of the evening a witty American dramatic critic with an enormously exaggerated sense of his own importance as the well-known Broadway scourge of incompetence in playwriting and acting. The actor, needless to say, is working his own stage charm at full pressure all the time to conceal the witty fellow's lack of humour, and he times the occasional witty line to perfection. A most enjoyable performance, in short, that can be trusted to carry to success a play that attains only for a few minutes at a time anything that can be called an even temperature, whether of comedy, farce or drama, and is never at any time plausible.

Mr. Henry Fonda played the hero in New York where they take theatre critics so much more seriously than we do, and it may be that everyone recognized with glee whose leg was being pulled. The point of the piece is that the eminent critic (whoever he may be) feels in honour bound to review a play that has been written by his own wife. If an English critic ventured to review his wife's play it would cause a minor professional scandal. In America apparently they order these matters better, or at any rate differently. Parker Ballantine feels that he will never be able to look the world in the face again if he allows his deputy to deal with a play which he has read and considers "a stinker."

This notorious inflictor of pain on others is himself a glutton for punishment. He has already lost one wife, an actress, by describing her performance of Helen of Troy as "fair to maudlin." But he is very much in love with his second wife. In a weak moment he lets her begin a play which he is pretty sure she will never finish. When she finishes it, he adds to his foolishness by jeering at the result. It seems not to occur to him that it would be more prudent to jeer at a mother's first baby than at a beloved wife's first play, and when she finds a presenter he is beside himself with rage. He refuses the author advice and encouragement, and his refusal drives her into the arms of her director whom his mother-in-law rates as "the youngest dirty old man" she has ever seen.

Here the drama hots up in an extraordinary way. On learning that her husband intends to review the Broadway production the young

wife declares that she will appear before the league of American critics with a list of her husband's critical prejudices and call evidence of his personal bias against the play and its author who will, in short, be disbarred by the Critics' Circle. "By my troth, captain, but these be bitter words." Fortunately for all concerned, Mr. Carmichael lets them pass over his head, and when the curtain next rises he has taken to drink in a big and enormously comic way, has sent for his first wife and is doing his best as he clammers up and down and over and round a sofa to tell us how he won his place among the "butchers of Broadway." It was by a notice of an indifferent Ibsen revival consisting of the single sentence: "If this is *The Wild Duck*, I'll just have the vegetables." There is a sad return to professional solemnity, but the play lives comfortably on this interlude until the end. There are some good supporting performances by Miss Muriel Pavlow (working gallantly against the grain of her temperament), Miss Una Venning and Miss Anne Berry.

FILMS *Elsbeth Grant*

El Cid. Director Anthony Mann. (Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren, Genevieve Page.)

The Subterraneans. Director Ranald MacDougall. (Leslie Caron, George Peppard, Janice Rule, Roddy McDowall.)

The Best Of Enemies. Director Guy Hamilton. (David Niven, Michael Wilding, Alberto Sordi, Amedeo Nazzari.)

Grand National—with arrows

BEFORE ATTEMPTING TO DISCUSS **El Cid**, IT WOULD PERHAPS BE KIND to pass on to you a couple of the reassurances given me by the director, Mr. Anthony Mann. He is an amiable, shrewd and plausible sort of chap, who knows how critics worry about little things like historical accuracy, and whether the mortality among the horses was as high as it seemed to be in the stupendous battle scenes—where the mounted legions of opposing armies fall ferociously upon one another with lance and sword, knife and knout, while the archers, standing well back, pepper the whole gigantic boiling with flight upon flight of lethal arrows.



WHICH WAY NOW? After a gruelling trek across the Abyssinian desert two officers (Harry Andrews and David Niven) reach a man-made road and a critical decision, in *The Best Of Enemies*

Mr. Mann says we can take his word for it that every incident in *El Cid* comes from history—either direct or via such poets as Corneille—and that the slight (very, very slight) dramatic licence he has allowed himself is justified by the legend into which Spain's national hero has passed. You may have your doubts as to whether anybody except Sir Galahad was as guiltless as the Cid appears to be (and Galahad, after all, was not a politician, whereas the Cid was striving for the unification of his country and everybody today knows what a tricky business *that* can be)—but it will save a visit to your library if you do accept Mr. Mann's contention.

I rather think that if anybody could persuade you that Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar—called El Cid, which means “the Lord”—“lived and died the purest knight of them all,” Mr. Charlton Heston, who plays him, will. He is an actor of noble aspect, and against the background of a corrupt 11th-century court—with its unworthy King (Mr. John Fraser), pettish Infanta (Mlle. Genevieve Page) and conniving courtiers (Signor Raf Vallone and the rest)—Mr. Heston radiates integrity: here is the very flower of chivalry, in full bloom. On the subject of our equine friends, Mr. Mann vows that, even in the bloodiest of battles, not a horse used came to any harm. He loves horses—only employs trained ones who know how to be brought down without breaking a limb—and he shudders to think of the hazards to which the runners in the Grand National are exposed: “Boy! *That* really is rough!” So you don't need to write to the R.S.P.C.A. when you've seen the film—though you may have, on your own behalf, to consult an osteopath over the way your temporarily slipped disc has become permanent through your having to sit still for three solid hours (plus a 15-minute interval during which you scarcely dared to move because of being frozen even stiffer by the ice-cream floating around).

I had one more niggles to nag before letting Mr. Mann slip away. Why, since he currently lives in Spain and is married to a Spaniard, didn't he insist on his hero's name being properly pronounced? Mr. Mann looked me over a mite suspiciously: did I know the proper pronunciation? Well, I had to say, I do remember some American humorist (would it be Mark Twain?) querulously asking, after a guide-conducted tour of Castile, “Who *ith* thith *Theeth*?” Mr. Mann thaid—sorry, said—a little coldly, that there I was: surely I appreciated that “Sid” for “Cid” was the best solution for English-speaking audiences? As long as it does not prompt them to look for Mr. Sidney James on the ramparts of Valencia, I suppose it is. And so I said farewell to Mr. Mann: it was great fun talking to him.

The film—produced by Mr. Samuel (*King Of Kings*) Bronston—is handsomely spectacular, but, I thought, a trifle slow in the first two hours, when the camera tends to brood darkly on the less populated marble halls of royal palaces or peer wistfully out of narrow windows at landscapes barren of trees and action. Admittedly the jousting sequence early on—between the Cid and the King of Aragon's outside champion (Mr. Christopher Rhodes)—is splendidly exciting and brilliantly directed, but the film did not seem to me to get really into its stride until the third hour. The siege and the capitulation of Valencia, the entry of the Cid and his troops into the city, the attack launched by him upon Ben Yussuf (Mr. Herbert Lom) and the Moorish hordes swarming about its walls—and the final shot of the Cid, already touched by the hand of Death, riding “out of history into legend” with shafts of sunlight lending him an unearthly glory—these are the stuff that movie memories are made of.

I dearly love Signorina Sophia Loren—one of the most beautiful wild creatures ever to have been trapped into films—but I was not particularly impressed by her performance as Chimene, the smouldering young woman who married the Cid against her will (he had, after all, killed her father), to become, in time, the perfect wife. The Signorina seemed to me somewhat subdued—inhibited, perhaps, by the solemnity and splendour surrounding her: she brings to her role nothing more than any other actress could have brought—except, of course, her beauty.

Based on a novel by Mr. Jack Kerouac, *The Subterraneans* is a

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CHRISTMAS SHOWS

Pantomime:

LITTLE OLD KING COLE. Charlie Drake, Janette Scott, Jackie Rae, Gary Miller, Sandra Michaels, Roger Delgado. (London Palladium, GER 7373.)

Children's:

TREASURE ISLAND. John Woodvine, Sean Scully, Spike Milligan. (Mermaid Theatre, CRT 7656.) For 4½ weeks.

PETER PAN. Anne Heywood, John Gregson, Daphne Jonason, Jane Asher. (Scala Theatre, MUS 5731.)

BILLY BUNTER'S SHIPWRECK. Peter Bridgmont, Robert Lankesheer. (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317.) Matinées only. To 13 January.

TOAD OF TOAD HALL. Jeremy Geidt, Richard Goolden, David Evan. (Saville, TEM 4011.) Two matinées daily. Limited season.

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS. Moira Fraser, Molly Bowers, Lucinda Curtis. (Lyric, Hammersmith, RIV 4432.) Matinées & evenings.

PUSS IN BOOTS. Valentine Dyall, Alan Edwards, Judith Conrow, Janie Booth. (Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. MAR 5973.) Three-week season.

THE CIRCUS ADVENTURE. Caryl Jenner's English Theatre for Children. (Arts Theatre, TEM 3334.) Matinées only.

Circus:

BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS, Olympia. (FUL 3333.) To 3 February.

Ice Show:

THE WIZARD OF OZ ON ICE. Empire Pool, Wembley. (WEM 1234.) 9-week season.

Ballet & light opera:

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, six performances to 20 January; **Cinderella,** seven performances to 25 January. (Royal Ballet, Covent Garden, COV 1066.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, four performances to 24 January. **Die Zauberflöte,** seven performances to 22 January. (Covent Garden Opera, COV 1066.)

THE NUTCRACKER. London's Festival Ballet (Royal Festival Hall, WAT 3191). To 13 January.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN SEASON. (Savoy Theatre, TEM 8888.) To 24 March.

CINDERELLA (Rossini), three performances to 16 January. **Die Fledermaus,** four performances to 18 January. **The Marriage of Figaro,** four performances to 18 January. (Sadler's Wells Opera, TER 1672/3.)

The Crazy Gang:

YOUNG IN HEART. (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317.)

Shakespeare:

MACBETH, and **TWELFTH NIGHT.** (The Old Vic, WAT 7616.)

Musicals & revues:

MY FAIR LADY. Charles Stapley, Anne Rogers. (Drury Lane, TEM 8108.)

ONE OVER THE EIGHT. Kenneth Williams & Sheila Hancock. (Duke of York's, TEM 5122.)

THE MUSIC MAN. Van Johnson, Patricia Lambert. (Adelphi, TEM 7611.)

OLIVER! John Bluthal, Paul Whitsun-Jones, Georgia Brown. (New, TEM 3878.)

THE SOUND OF MUSIC. Roger Dann, Jean Bayless, Constance Shacklock, Eunice Gayson. (Palace, GER 6834.)

BYE BYE BIRDIE. Chita Rivera, Marty Wilde, Angela Baddeley. (Her Majesty's, WHI 6606.)

SALAD DAYS. (Prince's, TEM 6596.)

FOUR TO THE BAR. An after-dinner entertainment. (Arts Theatre, TEM 3334.)

Puppets:

BRIAR ROSE (The Sleeping Beauty), by John Wright's Marionettes. (Little Angel Theatre, Dagmar Passage, Cross St., Islington, CAN 1787, 2-5 p.m. only.) To 20 January.

depressing study of San Francisco's beatniks—an uncommonly scruffy set of juvenile bores who spend their time leaping (in pairs) in and out of unmade beds, shredding one another's egos and drinking themselves sodden in cellar bars. Mlle. Leslie Caron is one up on the other creeps: she flaunts an analyst as a status symbol—and this apparently entitles her, in moments of stress, to run naked through the streets. I really can't go on—the ennui of it all is too much for me.

The only objection I have to the Anglo-Italian war-comedy, **The Best Of Enemies**, is that it suggests that the North African campaign was rather a lark: having recently heard (on the B.B.C.) Viscount Montgomery's address to his officers before Alamein, I can't believe it was. Mr. David Niven, a dashing British major, and Signor Alberto Sordi, a cowardly (but endearing) Italian captain, are thrown together in the desert—take each other prisoner, save each other's lives, and, through adversities shared, learn to respect one another. Amusing enough—but too long.

BOOKS *Siriol Hugh-Jones*

Albert & Emerald, by Christopher Sykes. (Hollis & Carter, 15s.)

Prince Prigio & Prince Ricardo, by Andrew Lang. (Dent, 12s. 6d.)

The Children's Song Book, ed. Elizabeth Poston. (Bodley Head, 30s.)

Culpeper's English Physician & Complete Herbal, arr. C. F. Leyel. (Arco, 15s.)

A History Of Wine, by H. Warner Allen. (Faber, 42s.)

Harpo Speaks, by Harpo Marx. (Gollancz, 25s.)

A Civil Contract, by Georgette Heyer. (Heinemann, 16s.)

A Dustbin Of Milligan. (Dobson, 19s. 6d.)

Stockpiling for junior

NO EXCUSE NEEDED FOR STARTING THIS WEEK WITH THREE BOOKS FOR children, this being the time of year when you are honour bound to load the tinies up with reading matter to last for another 12 months—why it is not considered the done thing to stagger the production of children's books through the year I have never quite fathomed, but let it pass. I regard books as essential in a child's life from the time it can grasp a crayon firmly enough to draw a squiggly whirlpool bang in the centre of a text page; anyone who, when tucking a baby into its cot, has experienced a pang of guilt because it's no use leaving the poor thing even a newspaper to while away the odious tedium, will know exactly what I mean. **Albert & Emerald**, by Christopher Sykes, is this year's dark horse, and a mad crazy success with the six-year-olds, who find it the most in sophisticated wit. A *Rose & The Ring*-type story of passion and plotting in high places, it is indeed worldly, vivacious and crammed with pulverizing action, including a proper set battle. The pictures are also by Mr. Sykes, and the whole story started as a narrative for Mr. Mark Sykes, then but a boy, when his father was engaged in some Napoleonic research (Poleum, far the most exuberant figure in the book, stands with his hands clasped behind his back and his feet at nine-fifteen). For some reason I never thought to find myself sharing a story once told to the infant Mr. Mark Sykes alone, but there it is, and it could hardly be better.

Court circles are the background for **Prince Prigio & Prince Ricardo**, too, but there is a good deal of magic thrown in and cross-references to the high-gloss, metropolitan world of Madame d'Aulnoy (those who know *The Yellow Dwarf* will be delighted to hear that this haunting story is rather more satisfactorily resolved in *Prince Ricardo*). The author is Andrew Lang, editor of the peerless Coloured Fairy Books, and Prince Prigio, the darling of my childhood, heir to the kingdom of Pantoullia, was made too clever by half at his christening and had to make friends and influence people against this heavy burden. This children's fairy-novel is inventive, witty, and adorably romantic, and has been out of print far too long. Lastly, **The Children's Song Book**, chosen and arranged by Elizabeth Poston with the prettiest drawings by Susan Einzig, includes Elizabethan songs, songs from foreign countries, carols, hymns, singing games and nursery rhymes

and together with the *Penguin Children's Song Book* is the best collection I've seen for a long time.

Briefly . . . I'm late writing about **Culpeper's English Physician & Complete Herbal**, arranged by C. F. Leyel (about three centuries late, come to that) but that doesn't make it any the less enchanting. Here you can find the difference between infusions, decoctions, ointments and conserves; how to make the heart merry with Archangel—also very handy for healing green wounds; how to combat female hysteria with an infusion of something none too delicious called Stinking Arrach; how to "take away the pin and web in the eyes" with honeysuckle; how to cure Dropsy (Rupturewort), Eruptions (Burdock), Brain-fag (Pimpernel), Wens (Knotted Figwort) and Clergyman's Sore Throat (Knapweed). The whole thing maybe reads, to the irreverent, like some treasured cookbook from Aunt Ada Doom's kitchen, but the information is fascinating and herbs probably at least as good as all those little pots of pills gathering dust in the bathroom cupboard. . . . **A History Of Wine**, by H. Warner Allen, is a charming and unpretentious book full of the sort of information you might not find elsewhere, and never know when you might not need—who, for instance, would not be richer for knowing that the Emperor Tiberius, for safety's sake, wore a bayleaf wreath during thunderstorms, a fact which endears him to me more than anything else I know about him?

Harpo Speaks is Harpo Marx's memoirs, and when he does speak, it is clearly not too easy for him to stop. Unfairly, one expects the great poetic unnervingly silent clown to write with the same kind of lyric lunacy that graces his film performances. This is not quite so, but almost anything the Marx brothers put down on paper is required reading. . . . **A Civil Contract** is a giant novel by Georgette Heyer, who now appears to me to live exclusively in the Regency, since she can have no time left in which to potter about in the world of 1961. This particular scholarly caper is, I found, heavier than her usual brew; has something rather complicated to do with a mortgaged estate and a marriage of convenience, and is full of confidence-giving idioms of the time, with the characters all pulling crows, giving trimmings, getting into the dismals and going to bang-up rout-parties. So much elegance gets a little tiring after nearly 400 pages of it. . . . And **A Dustbin Of Milligan** is a very strange volume of collected pieces, if that is the right word, fairy tales, verses and drawings by this year's Ben Gunn. I find them pretty scary, which is perhaps intended; the back endpaper is given up to a biographical contribution on the author by Milligan's Mother, and very weird and moving it is, too.

RECORDS *Gerald Lascelles*

The Art Of Jazz and **A Night At The Half Note**, by Zoot Sims.

The Tenor Scene, by Eddie Davis & Johnny Griffin.

The Blues Message, by Curtis Amy & Paul Bryant.

Moon Faced & Starry Eyed, by Max Roach.

Blues March, by Benny Golson & Art Farmer; **Winchester Special**, by Lem Winchester & Benny Golson; **The Modern Touch**, by Benny Golson.

Spotlight on the saxophone

IF ANYONE HAD TRIED TO CONVINCE ME 10 OR 20 YEARS AGO THAT THE saxophone would become the dominating instrument in jazz, I would have called him a fool, but the developments triggered off by Lester Young and Charlie Parker have made their chain reaction, and I would not dispute that the saxophone ranks ahead of the trumpet as the most outspoken and advanced voice today. Men like John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman, who have adopted a style of "free composition," may not produce sounds which are acceptable to our conventionally trained ears, but at least they are bold enough to experiment.

Tenorist Zoot Sims (pictured here last week) was the centre of an interesting idea when he spent a month playing with British musicians in jazz clubs round the country. For the first time we could hear a visiting jazzman away from the restrictive formality of the concert

platform, working under conditions which compare closely with those under which he finds himself at home. Two recent examples of his style can be heard on Seeco's **The art of jazz** (CELP452), where he is teamed with trombonist Bob Brookmeyer in some highly entertaining pieces, and at his customary home base, New York's **Half Note Club** (CSD1381). On this session he is backed by two more saxophonists of repute, Al Cohn and Phil Woods, particularly in a memorable version of *After you've gone*.

The tenor scene (32-144) is Esquire's reply to the works of Mr. Sims and his friends. Once more the microphone has been taken to the scene where tenorists Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis and Johnny Griffin operate; in this case it is Minton's Playhouse, once the famous meeting place of the musicians who instigated the breakaway from swing to more modern forms of jazz. Both soloists are completely relaxed, and treat us to a sparkling display of tenor duets which proves how closely two men of similar styles can collaborate. Make no mistake—this is not one of those nonsensical "battles" which achieve nothing except to bore the audience. Both men blow with power and abandon, yet never lose sight of their objective, which is to produce good swinging music away from the confines and dictates of ephemeral fashion. Pianist Junior Mance makes a fine contribution to this hard hitting session.

A relative newcomer to the West Coast scene is Curtis Amy, a funky sounding tenor player whose roots are obviously in the middle period of jazz. His **Blues message** (LAE12277) gets through to me in no uncertain terms, and I would expect it to provide easier listening to the majority than Stanley Turrentine's beautifully phrased tenor work in Max Roach's latest album, **Moon faced & starry eyed** (MMC14079). Turrentine really demonstrates the fluid possibilities of the tenor saxophone. Finally there is the pent-up energy displayed by Benny Golson, one of the warmest toned exponents of the modern set. Apart from his **Blues march** (7N25120), a standard which Pye are grooming for the hit parade, there is an unusual pairing with vibraphonist Lem Winchester in **Winchester special** (32-142). The Golson sextet provide much good blowing in their earlier release, **The modern touch** (RLP12-256), a Riverside product of 1957 vintage.

Whichever way you like your music in the post-swing era, there is no doubt that the saxophonists are setting the pace. How long this situation will last is an unpredictable as any other facet of jazz, but my impression is that the great flexibility of the instruments in the saxophone family is at last being put to its fullest use.

GALLERIES

Robert Wraight

Annual Report of the Tate Gallery.

Heartcry from the Tate

WHAT A YEAR IT HAS BEEN FOR ART WITH A CAPITAL "A." A CONTINUAL barrage of headlines in the popular press has made it impossible for even the most philistine among us to go on ignoring the subject. When we were not reading about the thefts of 57 modern masterpieces from St. Tropez, a million pounds worth of Cézannes from Aix, a quarter of a million pounds of Picasso & Co. from Los Angeles, or about that little business of the Goya, there was always a record price being paid for something in a saleroom somewhere. And although the newspapers' constant harping on the money angle may have led to people knowing, as Oscar Wilde put it, "the price of everything and the value of nothing" I believe that some good has come of it.

For one thing, it gave the director of the Tate Gallery the opportunity to point out that the £821,000 paid by New York's Metropolitan Museum for Rembrandt's *Aristotle contemplating the bust of Homer* was more than three times the total amount the Tate has had to spend on works of art since its foundation in 1897! Through that one sentence thousands of people who have never read the plaintive annual reports from Millbank (the latest was published this month) must have realized for the first time how hopeless it has been, and still is, for Sir John

Rothenstein and his gallery's trustees to compete with similar galleries throughout the world. The report, like so many of its predecessors, reads like that of some unsuccessful charity. It pleads for more living space and for a special fund for making major purchases that cannot be met out of the present paltry grant-in-aid of £40,000 a year. How necessary the latter is may be judged from the fact that at the end of the last financial year the total amount in the Tate's kitty was £2,996 13s. 4d. Just enough to have bought a one-twelfth share in a small Daumier sold at Sotheby's earlier this month. Still, the report has some cheering features and not the least of these is the account of the activities of the Friends of the Tate. This society which has as its aim to buy, or help to buy, works that will enrich the Tate's collection is officially recognized as a charity.

It has been in existence for three years and at the last count had only 593 members, but already it has made several impressive gifts to the gallery. In the future it may well become the principal source of supply to the Tate and it is with this object in view that I am making a New Year resolution to persuade as many people as possible to make a New Year resolution to join "The Friends." Although it is a charity, membership carries with it considerable privileges. "Friends" are allowed in the gallery on Sunday mornings, when it is closed to the general public. They are admitted free to all special exhibitions for which the public is charged for admittance, and they receive invitations to private views and evening parties usually held in conjunction with those exhibitions.

Gallery publications, including Christmas cards, are available to members at special rates, and the excellent reference library is open to them. Planned for 1962 are a number of showings of films of particular interest, either because of their concern with art or because of their intrinsic artistic merit. Individual membership costs a minimum £5 5s. a year. One subscription covers both a husband and his wife. The list of individual Friends is headed by the Queen Mother. There is also a form of corporate membership which covers several members of the same company and their wives. A particularly interesting recent development is the formation of a sister society—The American Friends of the Tate—which has just given a painting by American Mark Tobey to the gallery. It is mildly ironical that these American Friends are allowed the same tax remissions they would get if their gifts were going to an American gallery—remissions which, as the Tate's report points out, are largely responsible for the price spiral that puts so many works out of reach of British galleries.

By becoming a Friend of the Tate you can help to extend that reach.



"Heavens no, that's just the signature"

DINING IN

Helen Burke

AFTER THREE OR FOUR DAYS OF EATING UP COLD TURKEY AND HAM, standbys of the Christmas dinner, not much seems left of the bird, but it is surprising how much meat remains on the carcase and also what a lot of little pieces of ham or bacon are still on the bone. I know one old lady who, with nothing but the bare bone itself, enjoys her favourite way with cabbage which, without the ham bone, she would never bother to cook. It is the thought of the flavour that impels her to boil the bone again and add a little fat, if any, from the piece. Then she plunges her thinly sliced Savoy cabbage into the water and cooks it for a mere 10 minutes. After draining it thoroughly, she turns it into a pleasant white sauce which has been flavoured with a dash or two of grated nutmeg, grated on the spot from a nutmeg itself, and no nonsense.

Well before Christmas I had a portion of a dish which must have been made from the last of a roast turkey and which, for the want of another name, I shall call an outsize TURKEY PASTY. It must have been 10 inches long and was enough for four to six people. Here is the recipe: First, make a rich short crust pastry by sifting together 12 oz. plain flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt, rubbing 9 oz. butter and lard (half-&-half) into them, and adding a beaten egg yolk—even two, if you like—and just enough cold water to make a dough which is neither too wet nor too dry. Let it rest for a little while assembling the filling.

Have $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 breakfastcups of diced cooked turkey. If there is not enough for this amount, make up the difference with the minced remains of the last of the ham or bacon. Simmer $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour in up to 2 oz. butter. Remove from the heat and stir in nearly a pint of stock made from the carcase. Add salt and freshly milled pepper to taste and any other seasoning you like for this sort of dish. It could be a pinch of paprika, or grated nutmeg, or ground caraway seeds (through a pepper mill), though these last may not by any means be everybody's choice. Return to the heat and, while stirring all the time, bring to the boil and simmer until

Spinning out the turkey

the sauce thickens. Work enough of this sauce into the turkey to moisten it well.

Now is the time to add also 2 to 3 oz. of sliced mushrooms, first cooked, covered, for a minute over a strong heat, in a small nut of butter, a tablespoon of water and a teaspoon of lemon juice and drained. Add their juice to the remaining sauce. Roll out the pastry to an elongated oval and place the filling on it to form a ridge down the centre. Lightly damp the rim of the pastry all around and bring the two outside curves of the pastry to meet, pinch them together and finger frill them; leaving three open parts—one in the centre and the others about two inches from each end. Lift the pastry on to a baking sheet and, by means of a funnel, slowly pour into each hole a tablespoon or so of the cold sauce, to moisten the filling still further. Brush with beaten egg white and bake for 30 to 35 minutes at 400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6. Pass the remaining sauce separately for those who want more of it.

Other pleasant additions to the filling are chopped toasted blanched almonds or walnuts or canned pimentos cut into smallish diamonds (the juice may be added to the sauce), or a small can of sweet corn. Worth trying is a couple of pinches of curry powder in the sauce—not enough to make the flavour too pronounced.

One of the most pleasant "cutlets" is made with diced cooked turkey and ham. Make a cupful of thick Béchamel sauce, including a tablespoon of cream. Add 2 cups of diced turkey, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of diced ham and 3 oz. of finely chopped mushrooms, cooked as above. Cook, while stirring, until the mixture leaves the sides of the pan. Taste and season further, if necessary. Turn the mixture on to a buttered platter and leave to cool. Form into cutlets, egg and breadcrumb them and fry them in a mixture of 2 oz. butter and 2 tablespoons olive oil. Serve with tomato sauce, which could be made from the same base as Béchamel sauce with a dessertspoon of tubed tomato purée added to it.

ROSES & ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

Old Master roses

THIS TIME OF THE YEAR IS MORE OR LESS THE CLOSE SEASON IN THE ROSE garden, apart from planting and forking over the beds when the weather is right. So this article takes a different form: the roses painted by old masters, to which painters like Van Huysum delighted to add various creepy-crawly insects and drops of dew without the slightest feeling of guilt. Not that the painters of the Low Countries are the only flower painters—others include Fantin-Latour and the Englishman, James Holland—but somehow those Dutch paintings have an especially fascinating quality. In them can be seen an intensity of admiration for the thing painted that makes them far more than floral counterfeits cunningly contrived to deceive the eye. The cities of Holland, particularly Haarlem, had some of the finest gardens in the world at that time, and flower paintings were an extension of the Dutch enthusiasm for gardening.

Apart from their decorative qualities, flower paintings are delightful in the middle of winter. It is a fact that many of the roses appearing in the old paintings still survive and are obtainable. If you decide to grow one or two—and there is a great thrill in this—you will find that the old flower painters did not mislead; there is little or no exaggeration in their transcriptions. There is only one drawback to 17th-century roses—they flower once only each summer, nearly all in June, for about six weeks. They need ample room.

Here are a few of these "Old Master" roses. The first is the *Rose des Peintres* (*R. Centifolia*). It makes a large bush, bearing fat pink blooms with a high centre. The Dutchmen invariably included it in their groups. With this often went the *Cabbage Rose* which deserves a more detailed mention some time; no self-respecting rose garden is complete without it. Next *Rosa Mundi*, fair Rosamund's rose, pinky white,

striped red, and not to be confused with York and Lancaster. For a miniature, there is the Burgundy rose, *Pompon de Bourgogne*, of about 1664. This is a rose for the smaller garden. Then there is the *Old Pink Moss* of 1596, a tall grower with thickly mossed stems. These roses require little in the way of pruning after the first season or two. I suggest you grow them and create your own flower groups with the real thing.



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Information from: Your Travel Agency, Dolomites Information Bureau, Suffield House, 79 Davies St., London W 1, and Ente Provinciale Turismo, Piazza Walter 22, Bolzano (Italy).

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MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

After the driving test

THE OTHER NIGHT I DINED WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE OF Advanced Motorists, and a more sober and serious minded group of citizens one couldn't hope to meet—as one might expect from people who have dared to submit their driving to searching and independent examination and have paid for the privilege. There are now more than 30,000 of them, survivors of twice that number who have attempted the two-hour test. Their existence goes far to disprove a hoary old cliché which their chief examiner, George Eyles, is ready to repeat whenever there is a pressman within earshot. It goes something like this: "You can criticize a man's golf, his home, his wife's looks, but definitely not his driving."

The same thing is repeated with sonorous pomposity during every debate on road safety in the Lords or the Commons. It just isn't true. I am constantly meeting people who are appalled at the danger of driving on our obsolete and ill-planned roads and are sincerely seeking advice on improving their driving technique in order that they may stay alive. Anyone is at liberty to criticize my driving provided he knows what he is talking about and has something constructive to say, but if Mr. Eyles or anyone else thinks he can criticize my wife's looks with impunity I promise to demonstrate the error of his ways without delay. I don't know about golf; I gave it up years ago.

There's another old cliché about inoffensive and law-abiding citizens who are suddenly transformed into aggressive selfish criminals the moment they sit behind the wheel of a car. Mr. James Crawford, Chief Constable of Ipswich, produced a variation on it the other day, by describing motorists as "a very selfish part of the community." Nonsense. Motorists are people. People are selfish, inconsiderate, aggressive and careless. People thrust their way to the head of the bus queue, grab the seats in the Underground while old folk stand, and monopolize the telephones while others wait. People make quiet places hideous with noisy radios, drop litter and tear down fences. Some people drive cars and their behaviour at the wheel faithfully reflects their everyday character. Mine does. Every quality and defect of character I am known to possess is reflected sooner or later in my road behaviour. Faults of behaviour may be mitigated by training, by discipline and by fear of the consequences, but members of Parliament seem to think that you can change human nature by legislation. Our roads and road rules are designed for super creatures with the reflexes of racing drivers allied to the patience of Job and the wisdom of Solomon. They are not designed for human beings and accidents happen daily because the government expects as the norm a standard of skill, concentration, knowledge and self-control which is beyond general attainment. Driving has become too difficult; too

dangerous and too nerve racking. That is why I was glad to hear Lord Sempill, chairman of the Institute of Advanced Motorists, advocating corrective training rather than punishment in cases where a driver has erred through incompetence or ignorance.

On the other hand Lord Sempill seemed a little ungracious in his remarks about other organizations that conduct driving tests. One or two of them were in existence before the I.A.M. and conduct stiffer tests. They have not achieved nation-wide coverage, perhaps because they lacked powerful backing. The I.A.M. has the influential support of Britain's largest driving school, the British School of Motoring. It is a non-profit making organization, but with over 30,000 members each paying a guinea a year it will soon be quite wealthy and I have been wondering what it is going to do with the money.

A policy is emerging. There is as yet no scheme for advanced instruction to prepare candidates for the test, but George Eyles has written a small book for them called *Improve Your Driving*. At 3s. 6d. it cannot be a complete guide but it is easy to follow and will certainly help a novice to see what it is all about. He is also starting a course of lectures for young people, particularly children of members, at the headquarters at Chiswick and the council is looking into the possibility of constructing skid pans where members can perfect their skid control, which would be a most valuable contribution to road safety.

There are also signs that the I.A.M. is beginning to have ambitions as a pressure group. Lord Sempill recently advocated investigations into the desirability of tougher eyesight tests for drivers (the opticians are of course in favour of this) and into driving tests for elderly drivers. While these things may be excellent in theory they help to support the view that road safety is exclusively the responsibility of drivers.

There is another proposal which seems to prove either unworkable or ineffectual. Lord Sempill suggests that for a year after passing the initial driving test, a driver should be obliged to carry a Probationer's plate, the argument being that taking a driving test at 30 m.p.h. in a built-up area does not qualify a new driver to handle a 100 m.p.h. car on the open road. The insurance companies already seem to be active and efficient at keeping novices from the wheels of powerful sports cars, and as for family saloons, it is worth remembering that in the United States almost every car, including those used by learners, will do 90-100 m.p.h. At the end of the probationary year a young business driver might have done 25,000 miles, while an elderly lady living in the country might have done 2,000, yet presumably both would be regarded as ready to handle the fastest and most powerful cars. To sift the one from the other would need more tests backed by a whole new apparatus of penalties. The money would be better spent on building safer roads.



Giorgio Bellin



BESPOKE FOR MILLIONAIRES: Some cars are still built to order, these two come from Italy. Above: A Nardi-Plymouth, with body designed by Michelotti, Italian chassis, American V8 engine, 320 h.p., for a buyer in Miami. Left: Another Michelotti design (for American millionaire racing driver Briggs Cunningham), Maserati chassis, 5-litre, 385 h.p. engine. Headlamps are covered by streamlined panels during the day

MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

Industrious Arcadians

LORD BURLINGTON, IT SEEMS, WAS HAVING SOME TROUBLE FROM THE populace who had fallen into the habit of throwing oyster shells into his garden at Burlington House, in Piccadilly. A little application to this problem resulted in the building of the Burlington Arcade; of course, the business of the oyster shells wasn't given as the reason for this beneficent act—it was given out that the Arcade was built to provide shelter and occupation for indigent and industrious women. But whatever the motive, London found itself with a splendid covered way for shopping—and in a climate as damp as ours, this is no small convenience.

Though a number of old-established businesses are still functioning in the Arcade, bigger concerns are slowly moving in, and to my mind there are too many shops chasing the same sort of customer—there are eight general haberdashers, for instance, and though each of them may have some speciality such as shirts or ties, they overlap considerably and destroy the variety that should be essential to arcades.

It would be pointless to list every shop in Burlington Arcade; I have picked out the ones that interest me most. Starting at the north end, I would make straight for **Sullivan Powell**, makers of hand-made cigarettes. Mr. Barber will probably be behind the counter, unless it's a Saturday, when he takes a day off. The "Sullivan" cigarette is essentially Oriental; beginners might do well to try the long selection box, which includes some splendid and romantically named varieties.

Just across the way, I saw a very secretive briefcase in black hide fitted with a combination lock—19 guineas at **N. Peal**, who also have a wide range of woollens and material by the yard. On the west side, a little farther down, are **Donaldson & Williams**, tailors, who have a big export trade. Then there's **Richard Ogden**, jewellers; they have some excellent cigarette cases, though I doubt if any are capacious enough for the fat "Sullivans." This is the first choice of many engaged couples choosing a ring, and is especially famed for antique rings.


The Pen Shop, farther down, has two pens which are especially masculine; first, Sheaffer's Pen For Men, boldly styled with six nib gradings and a massive capacity, snorkel filled. It costs £5 7s. 6d. to £7 19s. 6d. Then there's the fat and fabulous Mont Blanc "Masterpiece," an old-fashioned looking pen, with a soft, flexible hand-made nib, and visible ink control—a window into the reservoir. It costs 9 gns.

S. Fisher has two shops in the Arcade now, and recently held an evening party there to celebrate the extension to the shop. During alterations, a Georgian farthing was found on top of a beam. Fisher is especially good for the more elaborate evening wear—cummerbunds are from 3 gns., and there are fine brocade waistcoats. I also like his Swiss stiff collars, especially Prince III, a cutaway in five styles, 5s. each.

Rood, the jewellers, have a burglar-deterrent safe, into which their fine watches, cuff-links and other jewellery vanishes at night. Farther down, **Derfield** have an unusually-coloured display of pipes, dyed to a malachite-green which shows up the grain rather well, and is said to be really cool smoking. **The Pewter Shop** is obviously specialized—what about a pint tankard? **Hummel** is no ordinary toyshop; they specialize in beautifully-scaled military figures; a Black Watch piper, about 5 in. high costs £5 10s., and any regimental uniform can be made to order.

Simonds is another interesting tobacconist's. They too have hand-made cigarettes, and another interesting sort of pipe—the vest-pocket briar. The mouthpiece folds away over the bowl when it's out of use, 35s. **Clements** the cutlers have one of the most fascinating windows of all, displaying all kinds of knives and shaving equipment.

Go to the Arcade and you'll find plenty more to look at; I've had to leave many shops out. While you're there you'll probably see the beadle—an impressive figure in black, trimmed with gold lace. Run down the Arcade whistling, pushing a pram and carrying a large parcel, with an open umbrella over your head—and you break every rule in the book. The beadle will ask you to leave—in a kindly way, of course.



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Yevonde



Miss Jane Peake to Mr. John Cecil Trevelyan: *She* is the daughter of the late Brig. Roger Peake and of Mrs. Peake, of Cadogan Square. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. Thornton Trevelyan, of Longwiton Hall, Northumberland

Yevonde



Miss Celia Mary Cubitt to the Hon. Patrick Thomas Conolly-Carew: *She* is the daughter of Col. the Hon. Guy & Mrs. Cubitt, of High Barn, Effingham, Surrey. *He* is the son of Lord & Lady Carew, of Castletown, Ireland

Yevonde



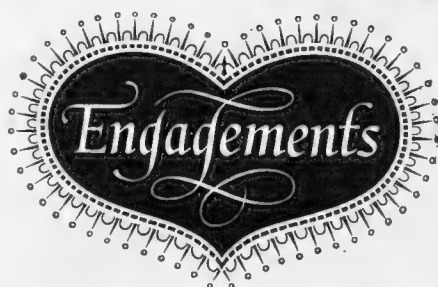
Oldfield—Thomson: Sara Elisabeth, daughter of Mr. Peter & Lady Elisabeth Oldfield, of Bill Hill, Wokingham, Berkshire, was married to William Bennet, son of Mr. & Mrs. N. B. Thomson, of Ruyton Hall, Ruyton Eleven Towns, Shrewsbury, Shropshire, at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road



Woodroffe—Chisenhale-Marsh: Miranda Jane, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. W. R. Woodroffe, of the Glebe House, Sacombe, Ware, Hertfordshire, was married to Anthony Guy Waine, son of Mr. H. A. Chisenhale-Marsh, of Gaynes Park, Epping, Essex, and of Lady Buxton, of Woodredon, Waltham Abbey, Essex, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Houghton—Ritson: Margaret Dawn, daughter of the late Mr. G. T. Johnson Houghton and of Mrs. Johnson Houghton, of Woodway, Blewbury, Berkshire, was married to Capt. T. W. Ritson, son of the late Major W. U. Ritson and of Mrs. O. M. Bullivant, of Maiden Newton House, Dorchester, Dorset, at Blewbury Church



FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. R. H. Thompson and Miss C. J. Hurst

The engagement is announced between Richard, younger son of Lt.-Col. R. L. Thompson, of West Wellow, Romsey, Hampshire, and the late Mrs. Thompson, and Cynthia, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. Nicholas Hurst, of Shawford, Winchester, Hampshire.

Mr. J. R. Lloyd and Miss S. J. Purvis

The engagement is announced between John Robert, son of Col. and Mrs. A. H. Lloyd, of West Acre, Cumnor Hill, Oxford, and Sheila Jillian, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Purvis, of Restharrow, Great Waltham, Essex.

Mr. T. W. Liardet and Miss P. M. de Courcy Wheeler

The engagement is announced between Timothy William, son of Major-Gen. H. M. Liardet, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Liardet, of Warningcamp House, Arundel, Sussex, and Patricia Mairin, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. T. de Courcy Wheeler, of Horne Park Cottage, Newchapel, Lingfield, Surrey.

Mr. J. T. Senior and Miss H. M. S. Bull

The engagement is announced between Joseph Talbot, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Senior, of Lowerfields, Hinton Dyrham, Chippenham, Wilts., and Helen Margaret Singleton, eldest daughter of Mrs. M. A. Bull and the late Mr. F. W. Bull, of Withymede, Frampton-Cotterell, Glos.

Dr. P. H. G. Dickinson and Miss K. M. Williams

The engagement is announced between Paul Hubert Graham, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Dickinson, of Solihull, Warwickshire, and Kathleen Margaret, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Williams, of Bruton, Somerset.

Mr. H. R. Kerr-Smiley and Miss E. J. Wadlow

The engagement is announced between Hector Robert, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. H. Kerr-Smiley, of Gables Farm, Rendham, Saxmundham, Suffolk, and Eleanor Jill, elder daughter of Cdr. P. Wadlow, R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Wadlow, of Stanton Hill, Godalming, Surrey.

Mr. J. C. Hartgill and Miss R. A. Cook

The engagement is announced between John Clavering, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Hartgill, of Jay's Meadow, Coombehurst Drive, Basingstoke, and Rosemary Anne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. C. Cook, of Overton, Plantation Road, Leighton Buzzard.

Mr. M. C. C. Mason and Miss C. M. Ward

The engagement is announced between Miles Christopher Charles, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mason, of Westeroft, Farnham, Surrey, and Caroline Margaret, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. D. Ward, of Wishanger, Fleet, Hampshire.

Mr. C. R. T. Boyd and Miss J. Cobb

The engagement is announced between Conrad Rupert Tracy, son of Capt. R. T. Boyd, of Warwick Park, Tunbridge Wells, and Joan, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Cobb, of Willesborough Lees, Ashford, Kent.

Mr. P. G. Roberts and Miss M. Thompson

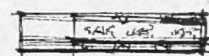
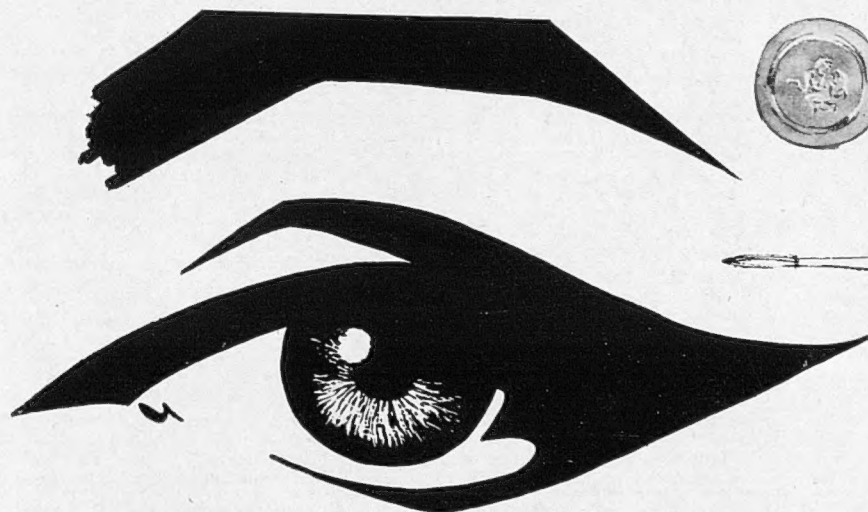
The engagement is announced between Peter Gordon, son of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Roberts, of Trevlyn, Vicarage Hill, Farnham, Surrey, and Maureen, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Thompson, of Symondstone, Churt, Surrey.

Mr. T. J. A. Denny and Miss E. A. Powell

The engagement is announced between Timothy John Anthony, son of Mr. G. W. Anthony Denny, of Gurney's Manor, Hingham, Norfolk, and of the late Mrs. Denny, and Elisabeth Ann, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tim Powell, of Ready Token, near Cirencester, Gloucestershire, and 57 Chester Square, S.W.1.

Mr. C. Campbell and Miss A. E. Collingwood

The engagement is announced between Colin, son of Dr. Richard Campbell, of 6 Colonnade House, Blackheath, and of the late Mrs. Nita Currie Campbell, and Annette Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Gerald and the Hon. Mrs. Collingwood, of Hermitage Green Lodge, Winkwick, near Warrington.



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Classified advertisements

PERSONAL

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES: Lasting pleasure can now be given to all concerned by including in The TATLER announcements of forthcoming marriages (see page 911). The rate is 1 gn. per line and details should be sent, together with remittance, to Miss D. Carding, The TATLER, Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, LONDON, W.C.2.

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